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# THE ROTARIAN

The Magazine of Service



## The Propaganda of Peace

By Elmer T. Peterson

## This Flying Business

By John R. Tunis

## Four Up!

By Joseph Lister Rutledge

JANUARY 1926 -- 25 CENTS

# \$20,226,128

*secured during 1925 in*

## Money Raising Campaigns

### COMMUNITY CHESTS

\$ 300,201	Tulsa, Okla.
280,527	Oklahoma City, Okla.
258,000	Reading, Pa.
200,662	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
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122,000	Galveston, Tex.
94,000	New Castle, Pa.
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253,000	Hospital, Marietta, Ohio
240,000	American, Paris, France
200,000	Hospital, Kensington, Eng.
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### MASONIC

\$ 812,590	Washington, D. C.
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251,256	Quincy, Ill.
210,800	Oklahoma City, Okla.
48,209	Pana, Ill.

### CHURCHES

\$2,150,000	Broadway Tabernacle, New York City
141,000	St. Andrews, Albany, N. Y.
115,000	Bryn Mawr, Chicago, Ill.
111,286	St. Paul's, Yonkers, N. Y.
75,000	Community, Columbus, Ohio
69,950	Advent, Cincinnati, Ohio
50,100	Englewood Baptist, Chicago, Ill.
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### MISCELLANEOUS

\$1,000,000	Baptist Mission Board
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265,000	K. of C., Brooklyn, N. Y.
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# They Called Me a "Human Clam" But I Changed Almost Overnight

AS I passed the President's office I could not help hearing my name. Instinctively I paused to listen. "That human clam," he was saying, "can't represent us. He's a hard worker, but he seems to have no ability to express himself. I had hoped to make him a branch manager this fall, but he seems to withdraw farther and farther into his shell all the time. I've given up hopes of making anything out of him."

So that was it! That was the reason why I had been passed over time and again when promotions were being made! That was why I was just a plodder—a truck horse for our firm, capable of doing a lot of heavy work, but of no use where brilliant performance was required. I was a failure unless I could do what seemed impossible—learn to use words forcefully, effectively and convincingly.

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- How to make after-dinner speeches
- How to converse interestingly
- How to write letters
- How to sell more goods
- How to train your memory
- How to enlarge your vocabulary
- How to develop self-confidence
- How to acquire a winning personality
- How to strengthen your will-power and ambition
- How to become a clear, accurate thinker
- How to develop your power of concentration
- How to be the master of any situation

make others do as they wish. It is the power of forceful, convincing speech that causes one man to jump from obscurity to the presidency of a great corporation; another from a small, unimportant territory to a sales-manager's desk; another from the rank and file of political workers to a post of national importance; a timid, retiring, self-conscious man to change almost overnight into a popular and much applauded after-dinner speaker. Thousands have accomplished just such amazing things through this simple, easy, yet effective training.

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## The haunted house

TALES about it were as numerous as its dark, broken windows. Oaks shadowed it thickly; winds sucked through its halls. The shutters sagged and were ivy-eaten—the windows giving in to an emptiness at once foreboding, dreadful.

Excitement ran agog when the place was bought. School children huddled to watch the rooms renovated. A sign swung out: "Stop here for tea." Lights sprang up. It became a frequent pleasure to drop in of evenings. In time, the towns-people loved the place. The inviting sign, the cleanliness, the light banished fear.

Many a product you didn't know and might not have trusted, has become intimate to you through the clearness of advertising. Family standbys in your medicine chest, baking powders, extracts—products that might endanger if less than pure—you know to be pure because widely advertised. You are sure of their quality wherever you buy. You feel safe in using them—in using any product that invites, through advertising, the test that proves its worth. Your one-time fear is now a willing confidence.



*Read the advertisements  
to recognize products that are worthy  
of your confidence*



# The ROTARIAN

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## The Treasure Chest

By JAMES T. ANDERSON

THE coming year—unopened treasure chest  
With gold of happiness enough for all  
Who turn deaf ears to ev'ry selfish call  
And seek the ways to serve their fellows best.

The rapidly unfolding days and weeks  
Are but the slowly yielding bolts that hold  
The lid which must be lifted, ere the gold  
Can be revealed to him who truly seeks.

Oh seeker! be not selfish in your quest.  
He who thinks not of others, seeks but dross.  
His recompense will be but pain and loss  
And he will suffer in the final test.

Withdraw each bolt with deeds of kindness turned,  
With thoughts of others oil each rusty way,  
And you will be rewarded ev'ry day  
With a full share of treasure justly earned.

Oh, you, who turn away from selfish lures  
And spend your strength in service to mankind,  
Will lift the lid at last and you will find  
The gold of happiness will all be yours.

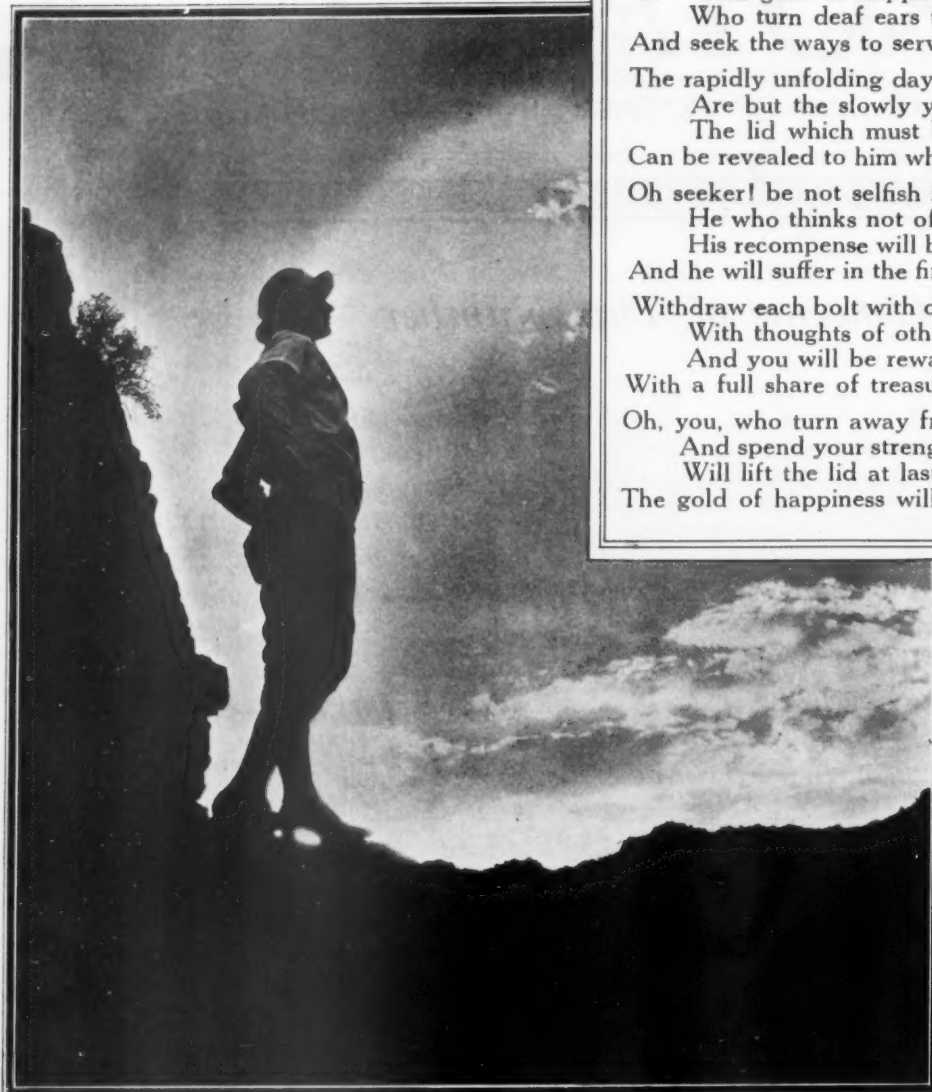


Photo: Courtesy Denver Tourist Bureau



# *This Month's Editorial*

## *The New Year*

*By Arthur Melville*

**E**ACH NEW YEAR always seems a sort of blank cheque on the Bank of Eternity. If we can but write firmly and legibly, we believe, there need be no limit to the number of happy hours at our command. Accordingly, the New Year becomes a time for high resolves and fresh pledges for the general improvement of humanity—ourselves included.

Every New Year has seemed like that—yet when we recollect, it seems that just as each succeeding year apparently fades more swiftly than its predecessors, so our bounding ambitions become a bit more prosaic with each fresh calendar. Where once we craved fame and fortune, we now content ourselves with competence and security. We remember how past hours eluded our clumsy grasp, and doubt our ability to hold the present in thrall. We are haunted by the ghosts of still-born deeds, and worn by the steady pressure of compromise.

Yet something within us murmurs of hope, and the smouldering winter sun hints at new fires to set a sodden world ablaze. Warned by experience, but undismayed by defeat, we take new courage from the contemplation of tomorrow's possibilities. We have grown more wary but also more resourceful. If we cannot hope to conquer Time, at least we will go down fighting! So we lay new pavement of good intention—which often we rip up for sophistical barricades before it can echo the clang of our triumphal march.

All this the pessimist parades and the misanthrope capitalizes. More important, however, though less noisy, is that bitter struggle apparent in the writing of great men—attempts of mighty intellects to escape the limitations of their humanity.

Life presents similar problems and returns equivalent answers to both cynic and seer.

Throughout life there runs the will-to-live. One single force joins such diversities as cacti on burning sands and algae on snowy wastes; as beauty in city slums, and chivalry more steadfast than granite of hill-side farms. Each year the fragile early flowers mock gently at our grave and great pretensions, and we who are both wards and witnesses of life itself can only rejoice at promises made in nature's unknown tongue.

Grant then, that in the flight of years man's life is but a breath. Grant that his promise oft exceeds his performance, his zeal outruns his grace. But judge his momentary victories not for themselves alone, rather as links in a golden chain of events. For whatsoever good we snatch from Time today, our sons inherit in some form tomorrow. If the history of civilization may indeed be summed up in a few emotions, let them be the best. So in the chiming of the New Year bells shall we always catch the overtones of immortality.



# The Propaganda of Peace

## What Is It and How Can It Be Used?

By Elmer T. Peterson

**T**HERE have been so many plans and schemes for furthering the cause of world peace that the first reaction of the average Rotarian to the proposition of world peace is one indicating wearied and sometimes cynical resignation. Of course we are all in favor of world peace, and we all look hopefully toward each effort in that direction. But when the practical business or professional man, removed from doctrinaire cloister, contemplates the vastness and complexities of the problem and the thousands of different viewpoints and the misunderstandings due to political prejudices, he becomes conscious of an atmosphere of futility. It seems presumptuous to tackle such a tremendous elemental phenomenon as the war spirit.

And yet the business and professional men such as compose the membership of Rotary have it within their power to bring to bear on the world the most effective lever-ages of peace.

The world has been talking about plans and schemes for peace so much. Let us get away from them for a few moments and execute a flank movement against the formidable riddle. Without discussing the worthiness or worthlessness of the League of Nations, World Court, disarmament, economic boycott, referendum on war, or any of the other more-or-less familiar devices proposed to end war, why not make a no-trump bid, as it were?

I call it a no-trump bid because it does not involve any new scheme, but simply means the logical development of two of Rotary's present tendencies and a more definite stressing of certain Rotary ideals in a very practical and businesslike way. With this understanding I will not be accused of being a theorist, a doctrinaire or an idle,

idealistic visionary. Nor do I claim any credit for originality or invention. What is this thing called War that we all detest?

Analyze its full meaning.

In its basic aspect, war is founded upon an attitude of mind on the part of a people called upon to furnish the soldiers, the munitions, the subsistence, and the driving power.

The clash of arms, the roar of guns, the sinister creeping of poison gas, the snarling airplanes and stealthy submarines—these are secondary manifestations of war. War is in the heart before it is in steel blade and powder.

The cause of war is in the minds of the people involved. Every war in history, from the forays of the earliest Egyptian dynasties to the last skirmish between French and Riffians, was necessarily preceded by propaganda. Even the slave would not fight effectively

without some incitation involving some real or imaginary benefit to be derived. The use of propaganda has been especially noticeable in the recent greater wars of history.

It is related by Plutarch that Marcus Cato, the "Roman Demosthenes," seeing the fatness and growing imprudence of Carthage, shook his gown before the Roman senate and let drop some African figs. "And on their admiring the size and beauty of them, he presently added that the place that bore them was but three days' sail from Rome. Nay, he never after this gave his opinion, but at the end he would be sure to come out with the sentence, "Also, Carthage, methinks, ought utterly to be destroyed." . . . Thus Cato, they say, stirred up the third and last war against the Carthaginians." And the Romans, with the aid of African tribes which were also incited to turn against their neighbor city, finally destroyed Carthage.

Now, after 2,000 years have passed, Count Prorok's crew is uncovering the dead embers and the pitiful relics of a once magnificent civilization.

The cataclysm that was precipitated in August, 1914, was preceded by a most thorough cultivation of psychology.

Children in the schools of the principal nations involved were nurtured in the belief that potential enemies were actual ones. "Germany is surrounded by foes," German children were taught. Bitterness over Alsace-Lorraine was instilled into the generation growing up since 1870 west of the Rhine Valley. The World War was not begun with the rattle of rifles at Liege or Namur. It was begun in the plastic minds of children twenty and thirty years before.

The obvious method of gradually abolishing war from the face of the earth is therefore the reversal of the

### Education and Understanding

**T**HE Locarno Pact was a rather significant indication of a trend in world affairs which has gained decided impetus since the Armistice of 1918. While there are still wars and rumors of wars, there is an increasingly active propaganda for world peace.

Yet even world peace, a majestic conception in itself, is at least partly the outcome of another trend in human affairs. With increased means of communication at our disposal plus a disposition to draw our deductions from observance rather than theory, the world has now a much more complete idea of various forms of waste in national, municipal, and individual life. We have much more information on these subjects, and we can disseminate it at a rate hitherto undreamed of.

As a consequence men are beginning to reckon the costs of national and international friction, and to wonder whether the results secured from some of our activities are worth the price.

But alongside of this new internationalism there has been a decided though less obvious emphasis on national and racial traits. There is no prospect of a common denominator for all mankind—it is doubtful if such a standard would be useful even if it were possible. National customs, costumes, and such like distinctions give to human affairs the charm of variety. It is entirely possible that the world may learn to retain much of this without allowing it to degenerate into national prejudice.

The experiment, at any rate, is worth while, and it has remained for the Rotary Club of Wichita, Kansas, to be the first to give practical demonstration of it in a series of special programs, each presented by a group from the membership. Each group, after intensive preparation, presents to the whole membership a program depicting the aspirations, characteristics, economic background, culture, educational achievements, and history of the principal nations of the world. The plan is a practical interpretation of the Sixth Object of Rotary.



propaganda process. This involves the teaching of right principles to children and the influencing of business men to grasp hands across frontiers and build up international friendships, not only for the sake of better commercial relations but for the ultimate good of society.

It is Rotary Education.

Rotary Education, expanded to its logical magnitude—its inevitable size—its final destiny—will bring world peace.

There is no trick about it. There is no hocus-pocus or formula. There is no scheme. It means hard work and tedious and trying feats of patience, tact, and good nature. It will mean no short cuts to Utopia or the millennium. To quote the late Bert Leston Taylor of the *Chicago Tribune*, "The first hundred years are the hardest." But the certainty of this method is demonstrable with almost mathematical exactness. And without some such preparation of the ground, no seed for world peace will sprout.

The only question is as to whether Rotary is prepared to follow its own essential principles to their logical conclusion. If Rotary does not do it, some other organization will. But Rotary, as the first international civic organization in the field with anything like such an ideal, is the logical or-

ganization to carry the work forward.

Here is the thesis:

Rotary calls itself international. It claims to be devoted to the Golden Rule. International-mindedness plus the Golden Rule equals world peace. If Rotary stops anywhere short of that monumental goal, it has only approximated its possibilities. The very moment that Rotary leaders said, "Let us be international"—that moment, without full realization, perhaps, they set the goal at the mark of ultimate world peace. If Rotary is unwilling to press forward to that goal, then it can not claim to be international except in the formal shell.

The ultimate and inevitable ideal of International Rotary is an organization which is as strong, proportionately, in France and Japan and New Zealand as it is in the United States. It is an organization including clubs in every town of, say, 2,000 or some such figure and over, in every civilized nation on earth. It is an organization in which business and professional leaders in these towns have a sympathetic appreciation of the problems and aspirations of similar business and professional men in similar localities everywhere on earth. As acquaintance means everything within local clubs and districts, its logically expanded form means acquaintance that reaches

across oceans and mountain ranges—acquaintance that batters down provincial walls of prejudice and ignorance. And Rotary education, applied in its logical form, means the impact of the Rotary ideal in the educational fabrics of all the civilized nations on earth. It means the enlistment of thousands of Rotary clubs in the work of turning instruction away from the hate-producing propaganda and toward that propaganda which makes for peace. Finally it may even mean the establishment of a world university wherein leadership may be developed for the world-peace movement, built somewhat after the fashion of the Rhodes Scholarship and exchange professor plans.

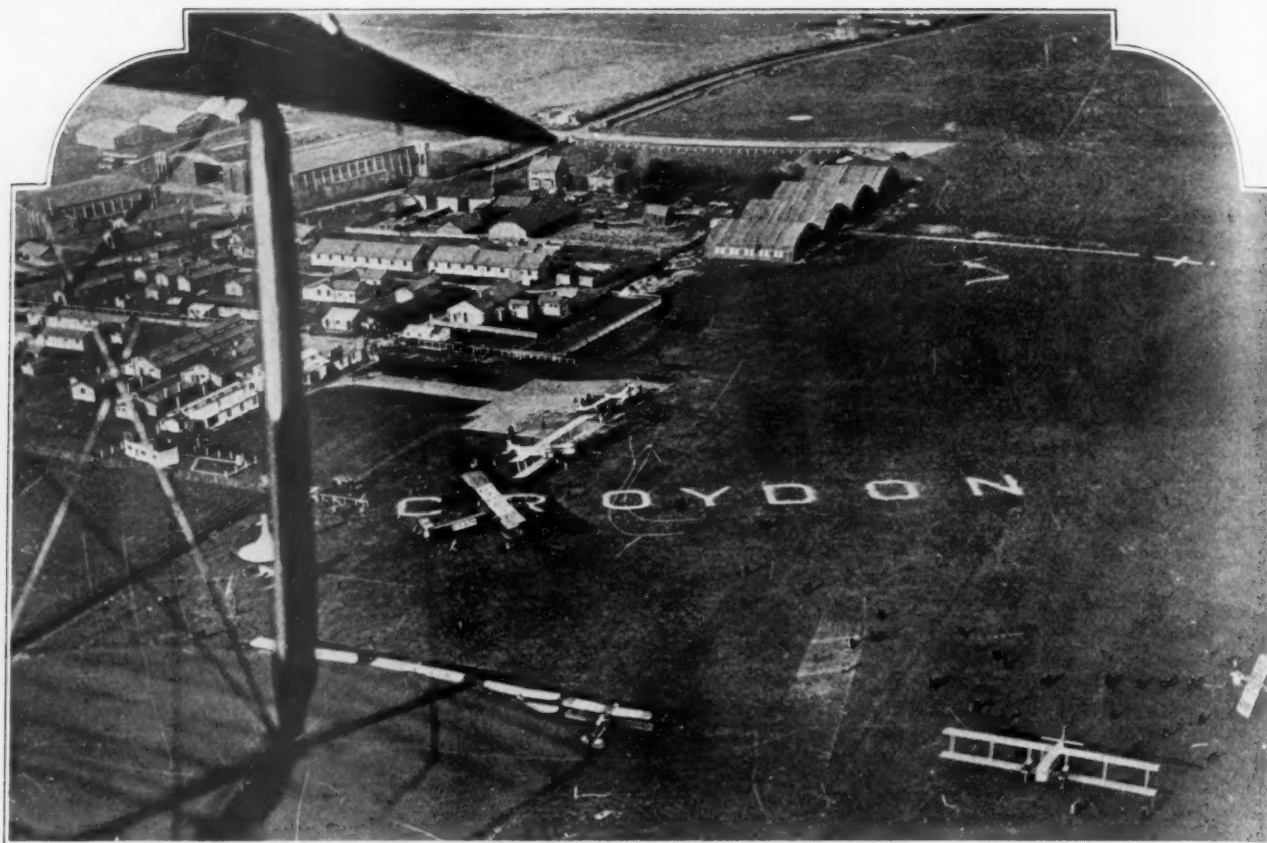
The Wichita Rotary Club, in proposing that International Rotary get back of the world-peace movement, was not suggesting anything wild or visionary. It was simply proposing a gradual growing process which leads straight ahead in the course already mapped out for Rotary. And the Wichita club is sensibly and in a modest way obeying the injunction to let charity begin at home.

For the past three months it has been divided into twenty groups of about ten members each, and each group has devoted itself to the study of a given country or continent, so that Rotary education may be extended,

(Continued on page 52)



CADMUS—MODERN VERSION.



Landing field for passenger planes—Croydon, England.

## This Flying Business

*By John R. Tunis*

**Y**OU don't believe it's much of a business, this flying business? You don't believe it will ever pay? You don't believe it has any commercial possibilities? Or that it has yet reached the stage of "practical realization." If this is the way you feel about flying, you should have seen Croydon, the Air Port of London as we saw it about starting time one sunny morning last fall.

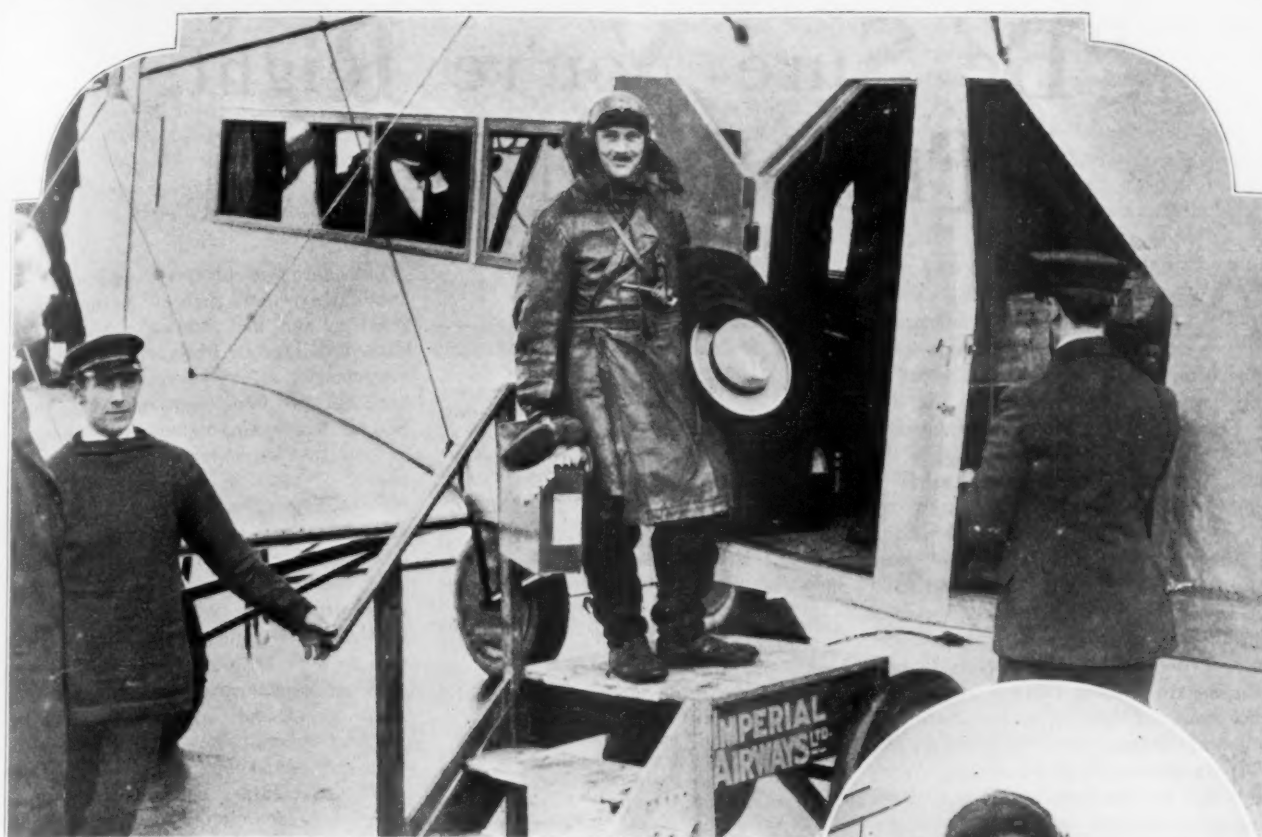
Croydon at starting time will give a kick to the most sophisticated of travelers. Air monsters going to every capital of Europe are being filled with freight and tuned up preparatory to the take-off. This bus to the right will

land its passengers in Paris in time for an early lunch. The big one just ahead that is loading mail sacks from the funny little truck with the gilt "G. R." upon its sides, will post its letters in Berlin in the middle of the afternoon. That Englishman in the grey suit and the grey felt hat climbing aboard the plane to the left will eat his dinner in Switzerland. The next day he will be

in Constantinople, a journey that takes four or five days by train. Croydon, the Air Port of London! There is something spectacular, grandiose, about that name. But the scene at this gateway to Europe when the Goliaths of the air are tuning up for their daily journey is far more spectacular, more immense, more grandiose. It conceals the organized, prosaic, unspectacular business arrangements which must precede and which must inevitably be part



Transferring mail to the Berlin plane of the London-Berlin Air Service. Mail posted in London early in the morning will reach its destination late that afternoon.



The pilot of the Paris plane, leaving London, takes along his best clothes in order to keep a luncheon appointment in Paris. At right—Leslie A. Walters, former pilot of the Royal Air Force, who in the past five years has conducted thousands of passengers across the Channel and back in his huge Handley-Page machine.



of any successful commercial undertaking.

You feel these business arrangements, however, the moment you actually start upon your trip. You feel it in the long rows of hangars, the flat one-story offices, the signs telling you in very businesslike language just what to do and where to go. Arrows point to the Paris bus, to the Berlin bus, to the Zurich bus, to the customs office, to the restaurant, to the general offices of the Company. And what impresses you most of all about this, the business side of flying, is the ease with which one travels by air compared to the difficulties and discomforts of travel by land and water. Go by Calais-Dover boat and you find yourself herded from the boat at Dover, rushed into a barren shed where you stand in line for half an hour while your passport is thumbled over, and then taken to another shed for the inspection of your baggage. At Calais all this is repeated. Travel by air and you avoid these annoyances.

There were but eight of us going to Paris, and there were three customs officials. No lines, no waiting, no formalities. A glance at our passports, a look into the suitcases, a hasty chalk mark on the covers—and it was over. Through a door we were ushered out

onto the flying fields and our waiting plane.

A magnificent sight, one of these huge cross-Channel airships. Unless you have been close to one you can have no conception of its vastness, of the size of the wing spread, of its height from the ground. We mount a small flight of three or four wooden steps and pass into the body of the machine. It is like a miniature Pullman car.

A half a dozen arm chairs covered with red and yellow cretonne hangings line both sides of the room. Windows run the whole length so that every passenger gets an uninterrupted view. Above the seats are racks for baggage—which by the way is carried free. We entered from one side. A door at one end gives on to the pilot's compartment. Over this door are three clocks, the only thing to make it seem very different from a railway carriage. One of these clocks is an ordinary clock. The other two are special devices; a speedometer permitting passengers to tell the speed of the machine and an altimeter recording its height above the ground.

It is nearly starting time. The pilot climbs aboard. His best suit and his best hat are in his hand. It is only nine fifteen; but he has a date for *dejeuner* at the Cafe de Paris at noon,

and he is bringing his best clothes with him to change at Le Bourget, the French aerodrome outside Paris. He is a genuine, smiling, likeable chap, hidden in a big helmet which conceals most of his face. The second pilot; for each machine carries two engines and two pilots in case either the one or the other should fail, is already aboard. Officials stand around, watches in hand. These buses never leave a minute after or before their appointed time. Frequently the mail truck which is dashing up with the early morning letters for Paris is a few minutes late. If so, the mail loses. The plane does not wait. People in the Channel towns over which they pass daily set their clocks by the London-Paris plane.

Now the roaring of the engine increases. Someone gives a signal and we rise slowly. There are eight passengers in the plane which seats twelve. Two of them are Englishmen who evidently make the trip frequently, for they open copies of the *London Times*

(Continued on page 62)



# "Be Sure You're Right, Then Stand Pat!"

By J. R. Sprague

**A**S EVERYONE knows, the first thing to do in writing a character sketch of a successful man is to get him to enunciate some short, pithy slogan that sums up the reason for his success. In the case of Cornelius Garretson it was impossible to get from him such a slogan. He does not, in fact, believe much in slogans, and therefore in order to conform to accepted standards of writing I am obliged to invent one for him: "Be sure you're right, then stand pat!"

Having told what I think is the main reason for Cornelius Garretson's success, I will tell who Cornelius Garretson is. He is forty-three years old and president of the Electric Hose and Rubber Company of Wilmington, Delaware, a concern that practically dominates the garden-hose industry and sets the price for the world. He is one of the charter members of the Wilmington Rotary Club, established in 1914. During 1924 he was Governor of the Thirty-fifth District in Rotary. He went to work at eighteen on a salary of six dollars a week. He has never had anyone to give him a boost except himself. All he has had to go on is his individual energy and that conviction about being sure he is right and then standing pat. To his wife, his friends, and Rotarians he is known as "Corney" Garretson.

To me the most interesting thing about any man is to know just how he comes to be doing what he is doing. How a steeplejack, for instance, happened to choose his profession; how a soldier of fortune came to decide that promiscuous fighting would bring him the greatest happiness; how a deep-sea diver chanced on his calling. This thought was uppermost in my mind when I went with Corney Garretson through the great plant in Wilmington and saw some hundreds of inconceivably complicated machines manned by hundreds of human beings that were turning crude rubber into millions of feet of tubing that would later be used by millions of people in all parts of the world. How does a man become a manufacturer, especially a manufacturer of a product that requires such tremendous co-ordination of machinery and human organization? Can a man go into the manufacturing business green and make a success of it? How came Corney Garretson, to be a manufacturer of rubber hose instead of a

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*WHAT interests people in "success stories" is not so much the fact that the subject can command so many men or so much money—but the qualities which make possible a man's success. This is especially true in the case of men who began life without any special prospects and carved out their own careers despite obstacles. Character is the most valuable, as well as one of the most elusive things in life. It cannot be explained entirely by copy-book maxims; for example, most men are honest—but all honest men are not eminently successful.*

*Since all of us are generally interested not only in character building but in new and different ways of merchandising and selling, employer and employee relations, etc., we believe such articles will be read with great interest. Accordingly this month we are presenting the story of a prominent manufacturer.*

THE EDITORS.

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politician, a dentist, or a traveling salesman?

The story goes back quite a way. In the year 1902 he was working in a Philadelphia wholesale rubber establishment as sort of a combination clerk and handyman and through his habits of industry and devotion to his work had been advanced from his original six dollars a week to fifteen dollars. One day fate stepped into the life of Corney Garretson through a ruling of the Fire Underwriters Bureau. Small fire extinguishers for use in offices and homes were then beginning to be sold quite extensively, and the underwriters decreed certain features should be observed in their manufacture. The wholesale firm from which Corney Garretson drew his salary handled an extinguisher that did not conform. The firm notified the manufacturer in St. Louis that he would have to make slight changes in his machine. The manufacturer, a business man of the old school, wrote back that his product was good enough as it stood and he would make no changes to suit the underwriters or anyone else. Naturally this left the Philadelphia wholesale house without a line of extinguishers and it began to cast about for another make.

But there was proffered help close at hand. Garretson, then not quite twenty years of age, had studied mechanics at Girard College in Philadelphia and had also decided after surveying the market that his firm could make its own line of fire extinguishers. He pointed out to his employers that there was plenty of room in the basement to set up a couple of work benches, a press, and a lathe; that the extinguishers could also be assembled there. In this way, the young clerk believed, his firm could produce an article as good as any on the market and make a manufacturer's as well as a jobber's profit.

After consideration the boss told him to go ahead, and Garretson took charge of the basement factory and two workmen besides keeping up his clerical work. His salary continued at the old rate of fifteen dollars. The basement work proved successful and in rush times as many as a dozen extinguishers were turned out in a day; but as frequently happens success brought new complications. In this case the trouble arose because Garretson and his men produced extinguishers for five dollars less than they could be purchased from other manufacturers. Whenever the basement shop made twelve extinguishers in a day, the firm controlling it made sixty dollars profit. Naturally Garretson felt entitled to some of this gain and he billed the extinguishers to the firm at market prices, thus plainly showing the \$5.00 profit on each.

**S**O far so good. One day the active manager of the wholesale firm said, "Look here Garretson, I don't see any use in that bookkeeping you are doing for the basement shop. In the future I want you just to send the extinguishers upstairs when they are finished and we'll enter them in stock at the actual cost."

Garretson objected. The basement shop was earning money for the firm, so why shouldn't it be shown on the books? So far as the extra bookkeeping was concerned he did it after hours so it cost the firm nothing. The manager waved this logic aside.

"Never mind about that," he replied, "you just do as I say."

Then Cornelius Garretson began to live up to the slogan I have given him, "Be sure you're right, then stand pat."

"I won't," he answered stubbornly. "I've made a success out of that basement and kept up my other work as



well and I haven't asked for any raise. This is about my only chance to show the firm what I'm worth."

"You mean you refuse to obey orders?" demanded the manager. "This is plain insubordination!" Garretson said he knew it—and he didn't care. He was asked to be unjust to himself and that was just as bad as being required to do injustice to someone else. Right was right—and if they wanted to fire him that was all right too.

At this point I wanted to know what Garretson's prospects were when he chose to risk his job. They were not so bright. He had saved about a hundred dollars but then he had himself and his mother to take care of—and no other job in view, nor were jobs as plentiful as they are now. Yet he says emphatically that he would do the same thing over again under the circumstances, because it's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways, the Golden Rule included. The manager did not discharge him but did report the matter to the head of the firm. That gentleman lectured Garretson and told him he would have to give in. Garretson said he would not. The head said he would let him know later whether or not he was fired. So far Corney has not heard the verdict, which is probably just as well for all concerned. From outside sources I learned that Garretson later gave that manager a position in his own company and also saved the head of the firm from a heavy loss on one occasion.

So Corney Garretson kept both his clerkship, and his basement industry, and even added to his rather full day's work by starting a courtship. Mrs. Garretson states that while Corney makes a good husband he was rather a trying lover because he got so tired during the week that even her presence couldn't keep him awake on Sunday evenings.

It was a year or so later that the rubber firm bought a controlling interest in a rubber-hose plant in Wilmington, an invest-

ment that proved at first unfortunate, because in place of expected profits each month's operations showed a loss. It was decided to send someone down to Wilmington to see what was the matter and the choice fell on Garretson because he was the only person handy who knew something of bookkeeping and of manufacturing as well. He made his report, which was that the trouble with the Wilmington factory was absentee landlordism. A superintendent was in charge of the factory but the administration was being conducted from Philadelphia, thirty miles away, manifestly an uneconomic situation. The board of directors accepted his report and told him he could have the job of running the bookkeeping end of the Wilmington factory at a salary of \$30 a week. Naturally he accepted, for it was twice as much money as he had ever earned before.

This was in January, 1904, and Gar-

retson's business career ever since has been one of making sure he was right, then standing pat. Within six months from the time he took charge of the Wilmington hose factory he had to take such a stand. The directors had sent him there to turn losses into profits, but put him in charge only of the office administration, the manufacturing end still being run by the superintendent. This was a case of divided responsibility and he soon found it would not work. He was twenty-two years old; he needed his \$30 a week job, particularly as he had got married on the strength of it; yet he went to the semi-annual meeting of the Philadelphia directors that Summer and told them calmly that they would have to give absolute control to some one person if they expected to have a run for their money. If they cared to put someone over him, well and good; if they fired him it would be equally satisfactory; but

in any case one man ought to run the show. He was, he says, as surprised as anyone when the directors told him he could be the real manager with supreme authority over all departments.

THINGS began to pick up a little after this, but Corney Garretson was still unsatisfied with the progress of the factory. One thing in particular seemed to him unbusinesslike. The directors' meetings were always held in Philadelphia and as factory manager he would be summoned to make his reports, but was not allowed to sit in at the meetings. As he tells it, the directors, all men of large affairs, would have their meeting behind closed doors while he had to sit outside like a bellboy and wait until he was called. During some meetings he would be shunted in and out half a dozen times. Here again, it seemed to him, was a case of uneconomic divided responsibility. He was charged with the responsibility of earning dividends, but had no opportunity through intimate contact with  
(Continued on page 56)



Cornelius Garretson at forty-three is president of the Electric Hose and Rubber Company, of Wilmington, Delaware—the largest concern in the world devoted to the manufacture of garden hose. "Corney" Garretson, as he is known to his friends, is a charter member of the Rotary Club of Wilmington, was Governor of the Thirty-fifth District of Rotary International in 1924, and is a member of the International Committee on Business Methods this year. His success has been ascribed to his ability to analyze keenly a situation, to appreciate the human factor in industry, then make a wise decision—and stick to it.



## Official Call

### Seventeenth Annual Convention of Rotary International

**ROTARIANS:** The Board of Directors of Rotary International, having accepted the unanimous invitation of the Rotary Club of Denver, Colorado, U. S. A., to hold the Seventeenth Annual Convention of Rotary International in that city, it is a distinct pleasure to comply with the instructions of the Board and issue this, the Official Call, for the Convention to be held June 14, 15, 16, 17, and 18 in the Public Auditorium, Denver.

I deem it my duty to impress on you with all the emphasis in my power the responsibility of each Rotary club to send delegates to the Convention. It is an obligation which every club assumes on being granted membership in Rotary International. It is a duty clubs cannot escape. For as the Standard Club Constitution provides for forfeitures of membership in a Rotary club for failure to attend meetings, so does the constitution of Rotary International impose the penalty of forfeiture of charter for any club failing to be represented at an International Convention two successive years without excuse acceptable to the International Board of Directors.

These provisions of the International Constitution were made to impress on Rotarians and on Rotary clubs their responsibility for the policies of Rotary International, which can only be formulated by Rotarians in convention and can only be carried out by officers chosen by the Convention. These annual meetings therefore are not alone great wells of fellowship from which can be drawn inspiration to carry on the work of each Rotary club in its community, but they provide the one period of

the year when the individual Rotarian and Rotary club have opportunity to make themselves heard and to take a directive and positive part in the administration and further development of Rotary.

Rotary clubs are entitled to delegate representation in the Convention on the basis of one delegate with one vote for each fifty members, or major fraction thereof, as at 30th April. This means that a Rotary club with seventy-five or less members is entitled to one delegate; a Rotary club with seventy-six to one hundred and twenty-five members, two delegates; a Rotary club with one hundred and twenty-six to one hundred and seventy-five members, three delegates, and so on. Each delegate must be an active member of the club he represents. He must be identified by a certificate as to his selection, etc., signed by the president and secretary of his club. Any Rotary club in any country other than Canada, Newfoundland and the United States is entitled to have its delegate or delegates to this convention represented by proxy in the person of any active member of a club in the same country; or where there is but one club in a country by any active member of a club in any other country. A proxy must be identified by a certificate signed by the president and secretary of the club which he represents.

Each Rotarian in attendance and each member of his party, sixteen years of age or over, is required to register and pay a registration fee of five dollars in U. S. currency or its equivalent.

Let us make this Seventeenth Annual Convention the greatest international event in the history of Rotary.

December 1, 1925.

ATTEST:

*Donald A. Adams*  
President.

*Charles R. Perry*  
Secretary.



Photo: Denver Tourist Bureau.

Rotarians who attend the 1926 International Convention will see a great deal of this business section of Denver. The capital of Colorado had less than 5,000 population in 1870, and is now the largest city between Kansas City and the Pacific Coast.

# The Next Convention

*By Donald A. Adams*

*President of Rotary International*

**W**HAT is this world fellowship which Rotary speakers describe as a sort of super-Moses that will lead the world from the shadow of selfishness and greed into a promised land overflowing with the blessings of peace?

Is it merely a beautiful figure of speech—a mental gesture that strikes a chord of spiritual harmony which sends the senses into pleasurable vibration?

How does being united in an ideal of service with hundreds and thousands of other men we never saw or heard of and probably never will see or hear of lead toward the most desired achievement of all philosophy, all political economy, and all religious teaching since the world began?

Are we sincere in our assertion that the ultimate goal of Rotary is the advancement of understanding, goodwill, and international peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service?

Ask yourself that question—and answer it to yourself. And while you

are searching for the answer let me call to your attention one or two ideas that have come to me at times when I have sat in the twilight searching my own soul for the reason for my being—my excuse for living!

One of the troubles, with most of us is that our physical horizons are the corporate limits of our home town and our mental horizons the problems of our own business and home life. Of course we know there are other places in the world than the town in which we live. But we also know—and assert with considerable emphasis, that our own home town is the best place on earth and that there isn't any other place to compare with it. The fact that there isn't a man in the world who lives in a town that includes within its gates more than seven hundredths of one per cent of the total population of the earth seems to be evidence of the fact that there must be other places that other people like just as well—sensible people

with a power of discrimination equal to our own. One of the reasons it never occurs to us is that we seldom consciously give the matter any thought—that when we meet an outstanding man it never occurs to us to pity him for not living in our town. Rather we are so deeply engaged in thinking of him as an outstanding man that we don't think of where he lives at all—we just think of the things that make him outstanding. True, we sometimes wonder why a man from Auckland, or Milan, or Cape Town, can have such a wonderful idea of the need for good automobile roads. But we set it down to his super-intelligence—the thing that makes him outstanding in our estimation. We never think—and I mean this seriously because we never do so think directly—that the upkeep of automobiles and the economic demands for swift and sure transportation in New Zealand, or Italy, or South Africa, may be exactly the same as in New Haven, or Dublin, or Liverpool.

This is a human trait—or human weakness, if you care to call it that.

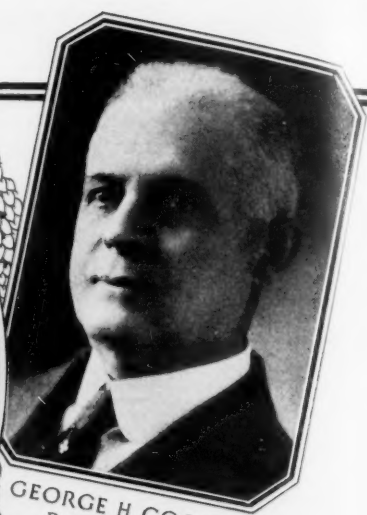




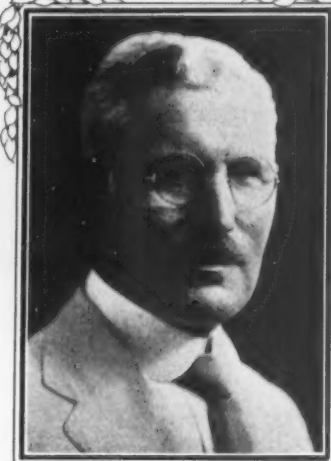
M. EUGENE NEWSOM  
Durham, N.C.



ALLEN STREET  
CHAIRMAN  
Oklahoma City, Okla.

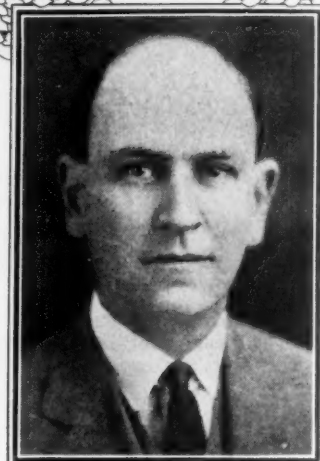


GEORGE H. COOPER  
Pittsfield, Mass.



JOHN J. GIBSON  
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

INTERNATIONAL  
CONVENTION  
COMMITTEE  
1925-1926



JOHN ANDREW  
Longmont, Colo.

Dickens uses it in one of his great novels—I'll have to confess having forgotten which particular novel. In this story Dickens drew the picture of a very wonderful, motherly lodging-house keeper. A French gentleman who taught dancing in order to make a meager livelihood had lodgings with this woman. He was a stranger in a strange land and she pitied him and took him under her broad wing as something to be protected. And when she talked to him she spoke to him in the same kind of broken English he used because she feared otherwise he would not understand her! It may sound far fetched to call this a human trait that goes around the world because it is portrayed so vividly in a book of fiction. If you won't accept it as a human trait, interview any man who has lived long in China, and have him give you the reason for the very remarkable language called "pidgeon English" which is used there in commerce with some classes of people. However, that is more or less beside

the point. The real point is that most men's physical horizons are bounded by the corporate limits of their own home towns; and further, that we admire the trait in a man that makes him love his home town and his home country and call it patriotism and give it a place among human emotions second only to mother love. It is a good trait and we like to see it and cultivate it in its big, broad sense.

I said that most men's mental horizons are bounded by the problems of their own business and home life. We know, of course, there are other grocers and other lawyers and other doctors—but they don't have our customers or our clients or our patients—and we have a peculiar lot of customers and clients and patients that are not like any others and must be treated just so! Now maybe we don't believe that—or wouldn't confess to believing that literally and actually. But it is nevertheless the direction of our belief and the sense of direction of our solution of our problems. And we—the grocers and

doctors and lawyers, etc., of a town, make up the Rotary club of our town. And that fact makes us think collectively, and that while there are other Rotary clubs in other towns we can't help thinking of those fellows as foreigners, in a way—people who talk a different language, or a dialect of the same language we talk, which sounds strange to us—and because of this, we believe that they must think and act differently.

ROTARY club membership is based entirely on service to the community in which the club is established. Please get that idea firmly in mind because it is the basic idea of Rotary. A Rotary club membership is based solely and entirely on the service to the community of each member of the club. A man is classified in Rotary according to the service he gives. If he didn't give a service to the community he wouldn't be in a Rotary club. There are more than two thousand Rotary clubs in the world

(Continued on page 54)





"I wish," he said, "if you're pretending to caddie for me, that you'd leave that fellow alone."

stomach to study the lie of his putts. Doesn't waggle half a day before he drives. Doesn't kick his ball into a better lie when he thinks you're not looking. At least," he amended, "I've never caught him at it. No, he hasn't any vices you could put a name to—what's the matter with him, anyway?"

"You can keep on bleating, what's the matter with him, anyway, all day long," Keeling retorted, sourly, "and you won't get any evidence out of me. He's a twin brother of the famous Dr. Fell, that's all."

"What puzzles me," — Morrison reached for a cigar and bit it, ruminatively, "What puzzles me is how a nice girl like Betty Carpenter can see anything in him."

"Nice girls don't use any judgment," the other retorted

misanthropically. Don't have to. Sooner or later someone does it for them."

"Not in this case."

Keeling surveyed his companion with withering scorn. "Precisely in this case," he retorted. "Carpenter scents this chap McBride out as a bit of Limburger, and says so—says so to his daughter—says so not once but a dozen times. You see she doesn't have to use any judgment, she hears his, and takes the opposite side. That's logic, isn't it?"

A heavy form darkened the doorway behind them, and Ira Carpenter stepped out.

"Seen Betty anywhere?" he demanded, abruptly. It had been a cruel day with him. He had smashed his favorite niblick in a bunker at the fifteenth green. His was not a mood for the soft amenities of life.

His smouldering eyes followed the course of Morrison's pointing finger, and rested on the attractive figure of his daughter, with the hint of a softening expression, that changed, swiftly, as he noticed her companion.

"A pretty picture," Keeling suggested, maliciously.

## Four Up!

By Joseph Lister Rutledge

Illustrations by Roy Fisher

**W**HAT'S the trouble with this fellow McBride?" Henry Morrison squinted along the verandah rail of the Meadowvale Club to where, in the distance, a leisurely figure was making his way thither.

"Well, what is the trouble?" Keeling turned on the questioner with an avid gleam in his eyes. It was almost as though he hoped that the question presaged some harrowing disclosure.

"That's what I was asking," Henry Morrison retorted, with some asperity.

"It's my question. If you go on asking it back, where's this conversation going to arrive?"

"It isn't going to arrive anywhere, anyway; so, if you have the answer handy, you might as well spill it now."

"He's a nice boy," Morrison ruminated, "Isn't he?" he demanded, sharply.

"Looks nice. Somehow, I don't take to him myself."

Morrison followed his own reflections. "Plays a tidy game. Behaves with average consideration. Doesn't lie on his

Ira Carpenter gave vent to a whinnying gasp that told of a murderous impulse repressed with difficulty. Without a word he passed into the clubhouse.

Morrison nodded down the fairway toward the approaching figures. "If someone could beat that chap, just once," he ruminated, I fancy it might put a crimp in that budding romance."

Keeling laughed, hollowly. "You get a lot of bright ideas, don't you. If there had been anyone around who could do it, they would probably have done it before this."

MORRISON nodded. "Still," he continued, "I've never hinted that this McBride chap wasn't a wise lad; wise as to his own interests, at least. He knows that Betty believes that anyone who can shoot a seventy is a young Sir Galahad, and that the better they shoot the more Galahady they are. Also, I hate to mention it, but I wouldn't wonder if that same streak of wisdom hadn't drawn his attention to the fact that Betty was liable, some day, to have a considerable portion of the Carpenter fortune."

"Maybe I'm a bit light in the head," Keeling interposed, "but I don't see—"

"My poor friend, your diagnosis is perhaps over-cautious. Let me put it, then, in more simple terms for you. Have you ever seen McBride show any eagerness to play the men who might have a show with him?"

Keeling looked interested. "Now you mention it," he said, "I've noticed that he plays, mostly, with people who don't make him strain himself."

"You couldn't make him," Morrison persisted.

"When you get an idea," Keeling protested, crossly, "you just chase it around till it dies of exhaustion. Anyway there's nobody here who could beat him."

"But, he wouldn't give them the chance, would he now?" Morrison persisted.

"Then what's the use of all the talk about it?"

Morrison smoked on in ruminative silence. "Have you ever considered the subject of bait?" he demanded, suddenly.

"Bait!"

"Interesting," Morrison explained, "very interesting subject—bait. Can't fool the old ones with a bit of red flannel, or worms, or imitation frogs, but they have their own little weaknesses. Some fool thing'll catch them. Same with humans. I was just thinking—"

"It isn't thinking," Keeling complained, "It's just opening your mouth and letting any words that happen along, drop out. They don't mean any-

thing. Bait!" he snorted, disgustedly, as he walked away.

\* \* \* \*

The spacious verandah was vacant, save for the lolling figure of a young man. He sat there pleasantly idle, looking down the vista of rolling hillside and stream that was the pride of the Meadowvale Club. Before him, almost at his feet, was the ninth green that had made the club famous, or infamous, the particular word depending on the mood of the describer.

From where he sat Bob Hastings could see the tee on the height. Between them stretched an almost flawless fairway rising, in a gentle slope to the tee and, a hundred and fifty yards out, breaking sharply onto a low plateau, that in turn gave place to the muddy banks of the stream that guarded this island green.

He had spent a pleasant afternoon considering just how, if one were interested in doing it, it could be done. Not that he had any intention of attempting it. It was a mental exercise rather than a physical. He had watched several sturdy souls clout the ball, masterfully, to the green and had seen it, not without a certain measure of commiseration, hop lightly off into the encompassing flood, or trickle down the sloping sides to a snug resting place in the mud. It was, he conceded, an honest effort worthy of a better fate. He had watched the more crafty creep round to the right by a costly and circuitous route, where the island might be attacked from its length, and where a friendly rough protected against the tide beyond.

From his easy chair Hastings mentally catalogued this course as "not very sporting."

He had his own theory on the problem, too. He selected an Iron as the favored implement. "Just a shade easy," he reflected. According to his way of thinking this should carry it to the brow. There was enough of a rise to hold it safely there.

He took his mental stance with deliberation, and smote with just that saved ounce of drive. He closed his eyes in pleasant satisfaction and watched the ball come to rest as he had expected, with just enough of an up-hill lie to give free play to the mashie for the back spin he desired. He had not overestimated. The ball stopped within a scant six feet of the pin. He lay back luxuriously in his chair, stretching his arms above his head. He generously conceded himself a three.

It was at this pleasant juncture that a heavy figure stepped out on the verandah beside him.

Hastings looked up with an ingratiating smile.

Ira Carpenter scowled back at him, darkly.

The scowl passed over Hastings leaving him unperturbed. He rightly interpreted it as addressed to him only as he represented an insignificant unit of the world at large.

"Nice sporty little green," he remarked, pleasantly.

"That isn't a green," Carpenter snorted, disgustedly, "It's a mortuary."

"Of hopes and aspirations," Hastings agreed. "Now that you mention it, I've seen a bagful of them interred there this afternoon."

Carpenter's eyes were not on the green but were fixed on the distant tee. Hastings followed his glance and saw a tall figure silhouetted against the sky, and heard the "clack" of a cleanly driven ball. It touched the head of the rise; toppled over onto the plateau, running like a rabbit; hesitated a moment on the brink then while Carpenter followed its course malevolently, toppled into the creek.

"A praiseworthy effort," Hastings remarked, dispassionately.

"A praiseworthy damn fiddlesticks," Carpenter retorted hotly. Then, as though conscious that his words might lack a certain graciousness to the ears of a stranger, he mumbled an apology. "Do you know this fellow McBride?" he inquired.

Hastings shook his head. "Don't know anyone," he said, "except Henry Morrison. He put me up here for a month. I'm just loafing. By the way, though, he mentioned a McBride—seemed to think a good deal of him." Hastings remembered that Morrison had spoken of this fellow's game with almost bated breath. "Doubt if he would have played with you," he had said, "but seeing that you've sworn off it's of no consequence." It had nettled Hastings a trifle, and Morrison had rather emphasized the matter, not intentionally, of course. Hastings made a mental resolution to look this fellow over.

"That's McBride," Carpenter broke in on his reflections, "and that's my daughter playing with him. My name's Carpenter."

"Mine's Hastings."

CARPENTER acknowledged this with a slight inclination of his head, and hurried on. "He's the low man on this course, and the most damned objectionable horse leech anywhere in Christendom; and my daughter thinks that she's going to be engaged to him."

"You played the course?" he demanded suddenly.

Hastings shook his head. "Swore off, day before yesterday."



"One thousand," he said, with a sneer, "and something else. This course is too small for the two of us. . . . the loser gets out."

Carpenter eyed him with mingled admiration and disbelief. But the progress of the two down the fairway distracted his attention.

"Can hardly wait for Betty to play her shots," he grumbled, "and she's as good as the average."

Hastings nodded. He had observed the same thing.

"Down for a five," Carpenter's voice broke in a few minutes later.

"Fairish," Hastings admitted, without enthusiasm.

Carpenter looked at him in surprise. "Ever played that hole?"

"In a three," Hastings admitted, modestly.

"Three! Why it's a par four, and I don't know that I ever heard of anyone making it. Besides," he turned on his companion, suddenly? "I thought you'd sworn off golf?"

"It wasn't exactly golf," Hastings admitted. "I played it from here, as an experiment, you understand. I was rather pleased with it myself."

Carpenter looked at him, as though doubtful of his sanity, but gave up that problem in favor of the one uppermost in his mind.

"I'd give my shirt to the man who could beat that fellow."

Hastings considered the shirt. He was not fond of the pinkish tones, himself. To others, he admitted tolerantly, it might be an inducement.

"It might be done," he admitted, pleasantly.

"Will you try it?" Carpenter's face lighted with a sudden enthusiasm.

Hastings shook his head. "Just the day before yesterday," he reminded him, in a pained voice.

Carpenter grunted in disgust. "I was afraid so. Everyone seems to stand by when it comes to playing with that cockroach—used to think it was his fault, but I guess it must be more than that." He made no effort to hide his disapproval. He grunted again. The grunt brought a sudden memory to Hastings. It was of something that

Henry Morrison had said. He had been speaking of Carpenter, he remembered now. "It would do Ira a lot of good to play with McBride," he had said. "He's set against the boy without really knowing why. If you meet him, you might suggest it."

Hastings' retort had been notable for a disregard of the finer forms of grammar. "Why me?" he had demanded.

"I'm ready to grant you," Morrison had admitted, "that the suggestion might not, at first be well received; might indeed be something in the nature of tickling a rattle-snake with a feather; but you could interest him in his game. You could help him with his game, too." It was more than a suggestion. There was a yearning note in Morrison's voice that had not escaped Hastings. But Morrison had hastened to offset it. "You might pick up some valuable suggestions, yourself, from watching McBride's play."

Hastings smiled to himself. It would

(Continued on page 46)



*A house divided against itself means the—*

# Dangerous Age for Fathers

**I**S THERE a dangerous age for boys?

Is there a dangerous age for fathers?

Let us see.

Men do not find it hard to recall the difficulties they themselves encountered at the "awkward age"—that bewildering period of transition from the casual freedom of boyhood to the sudden necessity of realizing a man's responsibilities.

Those are years during which we are confronted with much of which we have never before been aware, and we must adjust ourselves to the increased perspective as best we can. Too often it is a mere haphazard fumbling for the "right thing"—a balanced set of values, a normal, healthy viewpoint, an ability to grasp essentials in a clear-headed and stable way; in fact, whatever the "right thing" may happen to be which must fill the individual's special need.

Certain men (relatively few, perhaps) have been lucky enough to find, at this critical time, precisely the impetus towards their fullest development which they have most needed. They have found it, usually, through the sympathy and tactful understanding of someone willing to "put himself in the boy's shoes" and see things as he does.

That which is most of all demanded of this "Samaritan" is that he gain the boy's trust and confidence by seeking to appreciate to the full his young friend's hatred of condescension. He must advise in the most wary manner, as well as repress any desire to seem other than a companion, a "pal," offering friendship on a common footing. Sometimes the boy finds this sympathetic "give and take" in some man friend, sometimes, though more rarely, in his own father.

There is tragedy in

*By P. H. Higley*

the fact that so few fathers know how to meet their boys "half-way." What a different aspect the whole so-called "problem" would assume, if only they were willing to put aside the austerity and remoteness of "fatherhood" for the free meeting-ground of mutual interests and understanding. For the boy turns instinctively to his father before anyone else, unless he has learned through past experience that he will find little save stern admonitions or chill "moralizings" in that quarter. Rebuffed too many times, he will never seek friendship there again. And the bond might so easily have been a real one, secured for a life-time by the fastest ties of affection and lively interest, instead of by the mere "formal" relationship of blood shared between them.

The failure of many fathers to grasp the essential need of reaching to their sons' hearts indicates that there is not

a "dangerous age" for boys alone. It exists for fathers, too; and, if not made to serve at the psychological moment as a sound foundation for the structure of a deep and lasting relationship, it can readily cause a breach that may never again be bridged.

Among those who are endeavoring to awaken fathers to a recognition of their dangerous age is William Heyliger, author, editor, and lecturer. He is attempting to bring home to both men and boys the value of this "tide in the affairs of men," if "taken at the flood."

"The boy who comes in confidence with his problem to a father who has not forgotten his own boyhood," says Mr. Heyliger, "has found a harbor in which he can tie his ship with security. But too many fathers are forgetful of the fact that to youth is due the privilege of failure. They expect from the boy a practical viewpoint equal to their own. The thing is impossible . . .

"This dangerous age of boyhood, this tragedy of fatherhood, cannot be set down exactly. It differs with the individual. Usually, however, it lies between the fourteenth and the eighteenth years of the boy. Strange forces are at work in him. He becomes imaginative, moody, sensitive, daring, ambitious, phlegmatic—all by turns. Too often we hear a boy say suddenly, 'I can't get along with my dad. Everything I do is wrong.' And in a case such as this, the impatient complaint of the father will be: 'I can't make head nor tail of that boy. He won't listen to me. I give him up.'"

This theme is the backbone of Mr. Heyliger's latest book, "Quinby and Son." Here we have a father and son who drift apart. The boy is induced to go into a foolhardy business venture with his father's clerk. The father, instead of trying to present the

## ***Icebergs!***

**W**HEN some disgruntled youth calls his unsympathetic parent "that old iceberg" the phrase is more forceful than dutiful—but still somewhat apt. The iceberg is often majestic in appearance, and though the major part of it is out of sight it is none the less dangerous. The boy who feels misunderstood—and rightly or wrongly, most of them do at some time—thinks of father as an imposing person, most of whose nature lies wholly apart from juvenile experience, but who can be dangerous if his path is crossed.

But father needs discipline in the home no less than Junior needs appreciation, and unless their respective needs can be adjusted one or both of them will eventually be in distinct disfavor in his community.

Changes arising from national health policies directed at prevention rather than cure have made actuaries revise their mortality tables. It is not illogical to believe that similar preventative measures might lengthen the span of family life, making it richer and more enduring.

This reasoning suggested the book reviewed here, and situations it presents are worth the thoughtful attention of all concerned. Most parents are giving such notice already, but there are cases where it has only been reached through the added emphasis of the juvenile court, the hospital, or that "sore-eye special" which bears the flunking student from his college.

The iceberg must be trimmed down to fit the family refrigerator, and Junior must study navigation before he takes the helm.



ation to him in the light of reason, chafes him for his folly. The determination of the boy, who is a bit pig-headed, is stiffened by this opposition, and he goes his own way.

The venture is doomed to failure from the start. Yet, when this fact becomes apparent, he rebels against having his father take the failure as a triumph of his own more mature judgment. So the boy, without telling him, borrows money from a loan shark, and when this is exhausted, finds that his partner is about to leave town, deserting him to face the indebtedness alone. In a blind rage at the treachery, he hurls what happens to be in his hand at the moment—a cup—and the other is knocked unconscious. Bert is arrested for assault.

HIS father refuses to furnish bail until the hearing before a Justice of the Peace. "Let him take his medicine," the man says bitterly. But the boy, happily has found an understanding friend outside his home, one Tom Woods, a whimsical scientist who collects and breeds butterflies. Woods comes to him in the police station and, in a kindly fashion, points out that he, Bert, is half to blame for the strained relations between him and his father. "You've been in trouble because you threw your father overboard," he says. "You took the wheel and tried to be your own pilot, and you've landed on the rocks." A moment later he adds, "You've got to square things and stand right in his eyes. You've got to make him feel that all through the future he'll be able to depend upon you."

Then, having learned of the father's refusal to help Bert, he starts off at once to see Mr. Quinby, in the hope that he may be able to fuse the scattered, embittered elements of the situation into a new and more hopeful beginning. The scene with Quinby follows:

"Ten minutes later he mounted a stoop and rang the door-bell of a house. A woman opened the door.

"Mrs. Quinby?" he asked.

"Yes?" It was plain that she wondered who he might be.

"We are both interested," he said gravely, "in a very fine boy who finds himself in trouble. My name is Thomas Woods. May I come in?"

She held the door wide for him in quick welcome, for his praise of Bert had reached her troubled heart. Up the hall, near the dining-room doorway, a harassed man stood and surveyed him.

"Tom Woods! Are you the man who deals in butterflies?"

"Yes. Rather queer business, isn't it?"

"Rather," Mr. Quinby agreed coldly.

"Bert has spent quite a bit of time out at your place. Were you one of those who encouraged him in the mad thing he's done?"

"Don't you think," Tom Woods said, "that you're a little bit late asking that question? You don't know me from the King of Denmark. If I walked into your store tonight and requested you to sell me a suit of clothes on credit, what would you do?"

"I'd demand references. I'd want to know something about you."

"Exactly. But you permitted Bert to stay over night at my place and never inquired what caliber of man I was. I couldn't have one of your suits but I could have your boy. Isn't it rather late to probe into what my influence over him has been?"

A flush of anger was rising in Mr. Quinby's cheeks. "Do you know anything about what caused this thing today?"

"Yes; do you?"

"No."

"You saw him at the police station."

"He didn't tell me. He reserves his confidences for those outside the family."

"Did you," Tom Woods said sharply, "bother to ask him?" Great Christopher, don't you know your own son? Is there anything about him that would stamp him as a thug? Something must have happened to fire him enough to commit an assault. What was it? You didn't even take the trouble to get his side of the story. You've condemned him without a hearing."

"Mary," Mr. Quinby's voice was of

ice. "Will you please open the door for the gentleman. He wants to go."

"Just a moment," Tom Woods said quietly. "I do not want to go, but I will go if you insist. I have nothing to gain by this interview, I have always thought that the greatest tragedy in the world is for mothers and daughters, fathers and sons, to drift apart. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred it's such a ghastly, unnecessary blunder. Bert, without meaning to, has let me read a lot between the lines. I knew that you and he were pulling in opposite directions. Often, when the chance arose, I asked him to come to you. He didn't; and the fact that he didn't means that there was something wrong. Who was wrong, you or he? Do you want this thing to go on? My liking for the boy is sincere. There's wonderful stuff in him. I want to see him what he ought to be—his father's pal. But if his father objects to hearing me I can only go on my way and wonder why men are sometimes so blind in dealing with the persons they love the most."

ALL the time he had been speaking, Mrs. Quinby's eyes had never left his face. Still looking at him she went down the hall and put out a hand and found her husband's arm.

"Harry!" she said. "He is Bert's friend."

"Stay," said Mr. Quinby after a moment of silence, and led the way into the dining-room. There he sat and stared with fixed gaze across the table.

"How did this thing happen?" he said at last.

"The business had failed," Tom Woods answered. "They were at the end of their rope. Last November they were up against the wall; but Sam said that the Christmas season would put them on their feet and Bert believed him. All they needed, Sam said, was money to tide them over. Bert went out and got the money; but instead of borrowing in the name of the firm, he unthinkingly borrowed in his own name. Today Sam refused to bear his share of the loss. Sam was on his way out of the store to take the train for the city when Bert, furious at the treachery, threw what he had in his hand."

"You said Bert borrowed money. Who did he borrow it from?"

"Clud."

"Clud!" Mr. Quinby sprang to his feet. "I told him not to go near Clud. I warned him. And instead of listening to me . . . It's been that way for months. He's ignored every word I've spoken to him and done as he pleased. I wash my hands of him. Let

(Continued on page 60)

## In the February Number

there will be an article dealing with Rotary Classifications that will appeal to every Rotarian, written by the author of "What Is the Real Mission of Rotary"—

William Moffatt

## Now We're Tootin'

is the title of another article to appear in the February Number, discussing Rotary Boys Bands—how they are organized and how supervised, and the author is

Cliff Buttelman



Reprinted from Harper's Weekly, Dec. 8, 1860.

"Paris Fashions for December, 1860"

# Why Men Have No Fashions

By James H. Collins

**W**OMAN'S response to Fashion is the reaction of the cat to the canary. Tighten her skirt and shorten her stride so she must take twice as many steps in walking, and she will obediently wear out twice as many shoes—and likewise hurt herself twice as often boarding street-cars and coming downstairs. Shorten her skirt or provide it with a slit in the side, and she will take to fancy stockings, and do a toe dance in short vamp shoes. Ten years ago, she was wearing monstrous hats, and the press was complaining about the tyranny of fashion. Today, she is wearing a brimless two-quart-pot over her bobbed curls—and the press is complaining about the tyranny of fashion.

Not only the press, but that great section of industry making Woman's

finery complains about the tyranny of fashion. Going further, industry tries to reform Woman, standardize her clothes, take away from her the temptation of the changing seasons, egg her on to rebel against the dictates of the Rue de la Paix. Or, shorten her skirt and while she wears out more shoes, she also wears fewer pounds of wool, cotton and silk, to the distress of those industries. Likewise, though wearing out more shoes, she demands a different fashion with each pair, and the shoe industry is cluttered with unprofitable styles, re-

mainders and a great many special lasts. President Coolidge and Secretary Hoover are among the latest champions to take the field and tilt against the monster Fashion on Woman's behalf. They would rescue her from its restless change. But I find, on looking up certain news items of the past that other champions were doing the same thing just before the world war broke, and doing it just as the new twentieth century dawned, and—

Why, not so very long ago a style show was held in London, with women's costumes on living models, and one of the hits of the show was described as a "costume of black and yellow, with pleated side panels, a front panel striped diagonally with black, a feather cape, and a high black head-dress trimmed with something that looked like a bird of paradise." Had that model stepped into Bond street, her ensemble would have been accepted as the latest thing from Paris.

But that costume was literally copied from a Spanish cave painting many centuries old!

Now contrast Man, the conservative, whose clothes change so little from one generation to another that he is still wearing curious relics like the buttons on his sleeve which were originally put there for attaching ruffles or gloves. Everybody knows that the two buttons that still cling to the back of an occasional coat once served the purpose of holding up his sword belt.

**AS AN** example of Man's conservatism in fashion, ten years ago the shoe trade was in an uproar over a startling change that threatened. For many, many years men's shoes had been fitted with a little cloth loop or "pull strap" in the back, for his convenience in drawing them on. That in turn was a relic of the side straps on high boots, in the days when boot jacks were necessary. Ten or fifteen years previously, Man had begun turning up his trousers. The few courageous men who did it first were jibed with "I see it's raining in London!" Gradually, Man had got used to turned-up trousers, so they were made with permanent cuffs, and the tradition of the "dude" has died out. His turned-up trousers showed his shoe tops, and it was argued, by advanced radicals in such things that the time had come to perform a major operation, nothing less than abolishing the unsightly pull strap from men's shoes. The whole



Past—1860

and was in that direction, and all the arguments. Yet the shoe trade was in a turmoil. Suppose Man, the creature of habit and custom, missing his pull straps should want to know where they had gone? That thought was so appalling that the shoe trade cautiously began abolishing the pull strap by inches, taking it off here and there, from a few hundred pairs of some slightly modified last, until it was ascertained that Man paid no attention. Whereupon, the issue was faced boldly and pull straps disappeared, all of them, and perhaps forever, though that was barely ten years ago, and Man may still at any moment suddenly discover that they are gone and want matters explained.

Cuffs became so inevitably an accessory of trousers, that a few years ago, nobody of the living generation remembered when they were not. Wherefore, the tailors got together and decreed that trouser cuffs be abolished. That was five years ago—look around you and decide whether cuffs have disappeared.

When Lovely Woman changes a fashion, she does a thorough job. All is changed, not merely her clothes from hat to shoes, but generally her hair cut and waist line. And she is eternally seeking change.

HENCE it comes that the most hectic industries in the United States are those devoted to making the things Woman wears. You will find the feminine garment trade, the manufacturing milliners, and the fancy shoemakers crowded together in the most expensive cities, at centers where real estate is high in value. You will find them palpitating in anticipation of Woman's next whim—and working about half the time between the two busy seasons. In between those seasons, workers in the women's section of the needle trade find time for strikes, lockouts, agitation, and radicalism. By far the greater number of them are in New York. By far the greater number are either foreigners or children of immigrants. By far the greater number believe that the general scheme of doing things in this country could be improved by revision along lines suggested by the late Herr Marx. Coming chiefly from countries where the government was against them, it is in their blood to be against the government. But their radicalism is more logically accounted for when you know that they have never been outside New York, nor known any way of making a



Present—1926

livelihood except in the service of lovely, changeable Woman. When the pay envelope, and the amount in it, depends absolutely upon women's fashions, can you blame them for jumping to the conclusion that there are also fashions in governments?

Now, there are seasons, idleness and radicalism in the men's clothing industry. But they are not caused by fashion. Man changes only one article of clothing at a time, and that usually takes him several years. He changes so slowly that always, in the men's clothing trade, there are enthusiasts who want to hurry him and who are continually suggesting ways of making Man as kaleidoscopic as Woman, sartorially speaking. But the men's clothing business has more employment, fewer seasonal loafings, fewer strikes and lockouts, more large concerns, better wages, more jobs for men, along with more capital and horse-

power, than the women's clothing business, because Man is a sartorial conservative.

Man is more than a conservative—he is the bulwark of the nation, and it is a pity that Woman is not more like him—from the clothing manufacturer's viewpoint.

Three things influence Man's clothes—and only three:

First and greatest influence of all is the weather. If spring be cold, and summer late, Man gets along with one straw hat instead of two, wears his winter underclothes longer, and makes last year's suit last until the September sales. Similarly an open winter leaves the trade with mountains of overcoats on its hands.

Second, Man buys new clothes when the old ones are actually worn out. A woman will buy a hat, wear it once, feel unhappy while it is on, and give it to the cook. A man will cling to a hat until it is taken away from him by force, and then buy another just like it.

"Oh, I could kill you!" exclaims Woman, when Man comes home wearing a new hat. He says nothing about

(Continued on page 42)



Reprinted from Godey's Lady Book, March, 1857.

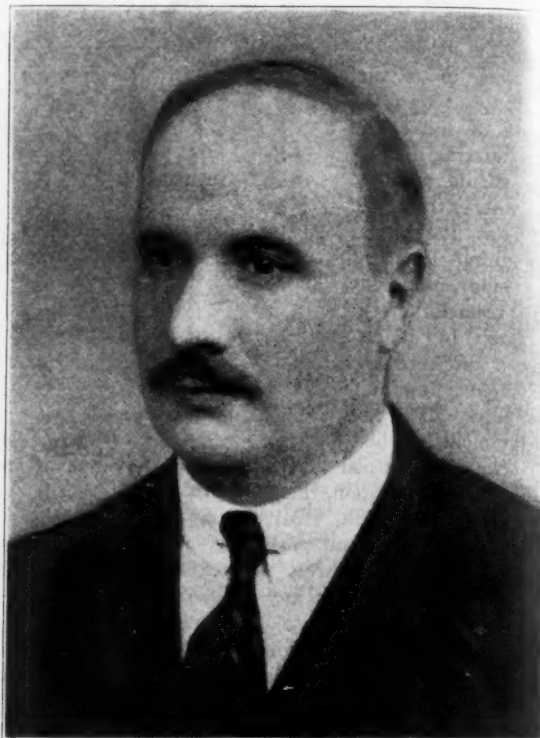
"The Train Is Coming"





Photo: Underwood and Underwood.

WILLIAM GREEN, Coshocton, Ohio.



GIUSEPPE BELLUZZO, Milan, Italy.



BISHOP JOHN L. NUELSEN, Zurich, Switzerland.



CHARLES R. HOLDEN, Chicago, Ill.

## ROTARIANS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

William Green, elected president of the American Federation of Labor at its forty-fifth annual convention, is an honorary member of the Rotary Club of Coshocton, Ohio, his home. He has held many union offices, principally mine workers' unions and is the author of the Ohio Workman's Compensation Act.

Giuseppe Belluzzo, of Milan, Italy, Minister of National Economy, is a Mussolini appointee. He is an electrical and chemical engineer,

author of several engineering texts, and has done municipal and academic work besides serving in the Italian legislature.

Bishop John L. Nuelsen, president of the Central European Area of the Methodist Child Welfare organization, now in the United States, has visited every country in Europe since the war, devoting his energies to various phases of relief work. He has also spent some time in north Africa, and has spoken before many organizations on conditions in

Russia and other European countries. Although of American parentage he was born in Zurich, Switzerland, and has degrees from both American and European schools.

Charles R. Holden was selected head of the Chicago Crime Commission, and has recently appointed a committee of distinguished citizens which will study the statutes of Illinois with a view to making the judicial machinery less ponderous and more dangerous to criminals.

*Although Michael Angelo mastered three or four professions, most men have trouble in mastering even one. Hence the need of advice—and the opportunity for such counsel as is described here.*

# Specialists in Friendly Advice

*By William L. Pattiani*

*Chairman, Business Counsel Committee, Rotary Club of San Francisco*

**T**HE Business Counsel Committee, so far as is known, was originated in 1917 by James Lynch, who at that time was president of the Rotary Club of San Francisco. This committee has been maintained by each succeeding president and occupies a position of high regard in the group of special committees. It must not be confused with the Business Methods Committee, the activities of which are entirely dissimilar.

The duties of the Business Counsel Committee are primarily to give counsel or helpful advice to a club member who may face difficult business problems or financial perplexities. Also, it renders a similar assistance, when needed, to the family of a deceased member.

The committee is composed of twelve men. The club president is a member ex-officio. It has a chairman and a vice-chairman. Its personnel is each year carefully selected as to men of mature experience in business, financial, and legal affairs and usually one-half of its membership are "hold-overs" from the previous year. In this manner, should occasion arise, there is always experience available as well as first-hand information in respect to past committee activities or individual unclosed cases.

It should not be overlooked that this is a confidential body. Any Rotarian may, behind closed doors, disclose his private affairs to this committee with perfect assurance that the information will be held inviolate. No written minutes are kept of any hearings or consultations, unless the particular case makes such advisable and mutually agreeable.

The value of a committee of this character in a Rotary Club must not be under-estimated. It is easily seen that there may be times in a man's business career where he is headed for the rocks through unavoidable circumstances or his own ignorance of the

ways. Often through the early-sought counsel of this committee disaster may be averted or ameliorated. To illustrate a situation of this character, there is here outlined a typical case in brief and shorn of all detail:

The business of a member becomes depressed. Unlooked for competition has appeared. Unwise policies, poor judgment, hide-bound conservatism where aggressive leadership is needed, or other causes arrest headway. The point is reached where the business man is unable to meet obligations falling due and he appears headed for the rocks. As a last resort, he seeks the help of this committee. Outside of the committee in the Rotary Club there are men successful and prominent in many lines of business, industry, and the professions. Through the medium of this committee or its chairman, the confidential aid of any of these members may be had for the asking if needed by this victim of circumstance. If the appeal is not made too late the advice, or maybe the more-substantial assistance obtained will inspire renewed confidence and optimism in a discouraged individual and in many cases start a business and financial recovery and point the way to prosperity.

**T**HEN again, there are times when the chairman is enabled to assist a member in obtaining for him legitimate information or assistance by acting in person as an intermediary between the applicant and some club member at large who may be better qualified to give this advice than the committee or any of its individual members. Such cases as this are also handled in a strictly confidential way and if deemed desirable identities may be withheld. A case in point:

A member approached by certain interests urging his financial support of say, an industrial project in which he is inexperienced, seeks the advice of this committee through its chairman.

The preliminary interview discloses that there is no member of this committee presenting the necessary knowledge of the subject to reliably afford the information needed. In the club, however, there is known to be two men possessing the requisite experience to supply this. For personal reasons, the applicant does not wish his identity revealed. It is thus found expedient for the chairman to serve as an intermediary and in an entirely ethical way was enabled to obtain information which disclosed the unsoundness of the venture and saved the applicant from a considerable financial loss.

Now consider this:

Think what a heaven-sent friend this committee can be to the widow whose husband has been suddenly called, leaving his affairs in an unprepared and maybe tangled condition. Here are twelve experienced minds freely available to her to take hold, assemble the scattered resources and aid in putting them, if possible, upon a stable and secure basis. Observe the following:

When death overtakes a Rotarian, the chairman of this committee immediately communicates with the widow or family of the deceased and expresses the desire to be of assistance if the services of the committee or its chairman can be made useful. It may be found that some phases of the financial affairs of the deceased have been left in more or less confusion. The widow, untrained in matters of business, finance, or investment, gladly grasps this offer of help as most opportune.

On this committee is the attorney, the banker, an investment banker, a Realtor, as well as others highly competent to take hold, ease the troubled mind and in strict confidence and integrity unravel the complications and start all on the high road to security and mayhap an enlarged income.

Now another angle: This committee

*(Continued on page 54)*



*THE passing of England's Queen Mother evoked the expression of world-wide sympathy with the Royal Family. Throughout her long life Queen Alexandra maintained by gracious manner that admiration which her beauty aroused among her adopted people. This autographed portrait of her is a cherished possession of Philadelphia Rotary, and was presented by London Rotary on Rose Day, 1924.*



# Commercializing Rotary

## *Some Distinctions Between Friendly Offers of Service and Plain Cadging*

By Chesley R. Perry

**T**HIS is a phrase that may mean something quite definite or something very indefinite.

On the one hand it may connote an extremely selfish and ruthless effort to turn to monetary profit or other personal gain the existence of the Rotary organization, the facilities of communication among Rotary officers and Rotary clubs, the Rotary club name, the Rotary club emblem, the Rotary club mottoes, the spirit of friendliness and good will which characterize Rotarians.

On the other hand, the effort to use the organization of Rotary, or the fellowship of Rotary, etc., which to one person seems to be an effort to exploit Rotary for selfish gain, to another person will appear to be merely a harmless, inoffensive effort to render a service to Rotarians or perhaps pay a compliment to Rotary.

Inasmuch as it has been said that one rarely acts from a single motive, it is probable that there is something of a mixed motive in many cases where Rotarians are being circularized or appealed to—on the one hand, the advertiser or promoter really has something which he feels that many Rotarians not only need but want and he feels they will thank him for letting them know that they can get what he has to offer, and at the same time he hopes that he will, perhaps, make a little money which may be considered a legitimate business profit. In this class may be considered the offer of the Rotary emblem which is worn in the coat button, systematized bookkeeping and other forms of records for Rotary club secretaries, printed or lithographed copies of the Code of Ethics, etc.

It would be a strange thing should Rotarians take exception to the sale of merchandise or services associated with Rotary because someone is going to make or may make a profit from such sale. Rotary certainly recognizes the worthiness of all legitimate business and the dignity of business, and business

cannot be business unless it is a profit-making business. Therefore, Rotary stands for a legitimate or moral profit being an essential element of any business transaction. That being the case, it follows that we ought not to let our reason and our judgment be blinded by any emotion which comes to us as a result of our attachment to Rotary as an institution and a movement.

Some men in Rotary become so emotional over what they feel is included

in the word Rotary and all its variations of verbal and symbolic form that they sort of fly off the handle when they see the verbal or other forms of Rotary associated with the ordinary affairs of life. They consider Rotary and everything pertaining to it as something which should be sacredly kept from the polluting touch of commercialism, but Rotary was founded on the basis of considering commercialism as worthy and noble, and so it may be very easy to lean over backwards in this matter of commercializing Rotary.

Involved in this problem is the use of the Rotary emblem on commercial stationery, on door and office windows, on automobiles and in various other places.

There are a multitude of acts, circumstances, etc., which may or may not be considered as commercializing Rotary according to the viewpoint of one man or another.

In most instances we have the situation of determining perhaps several things—is the article or the service offered worth the compensation asked for? There may be honest differences of opinion as to this. Is the motive back of its offer one of being of service to Rotary or giving Rotarians something they want or is it one of trying to make some money by shrewd business practices? This may be difficult to determine, and here also the mixed motive may come in. Is the offering made diplomatically and with good taste? Even the most desired article or service can be offered in a way that disgusts or displeases.

While there has not yet been adopted any authoritative, definitive statement as to what does or does not constitute commercializing Rotary, it is certain that if any man or institution within the fold of Rotary or outside of the fold of Rotary sets out with a cynical sneer on the lip to exploit Rotary in any way, all well-balanced people, whether Rotarians or not, will deprecate such action, and Rotarians will find a way to rebuke it.



### MY FRIENDS

By M. A. Cassidy

**T**HIS year I made a flower garden.

It had many kinds of blossoms.

And, tending them,

We grew good friends.

They always had a friendly nod for me,

And with appreciation seemed to glow

When I attacked their enemies, the weeds,

Or gave them cooling drink.

And as I worked among my flowers,

I searched for one that typified

Your friendliness and worth

And your unswerving loyalty.

But all of them I found

Too transient to fit

What I have most admired—

Friendship, worth and loyalty.

But, near a Zinnia bed,

There stood a cedar tree.

When it was hot and dry

It waved its boughs to me

Invitingly.

And oft I rested in its cooling shade,

While all around my flowers

Shrank up and crumbled with the glowing heat.

And when my flowers failed

And dropped their beauty to the earth,

The cedar never changed.

When winter came

Enwrapping earth in snow and ice,

My cedar stood erect and green,

Inviting me and cheering me

As in the Spring, the Summertime and Fall.

It never changed,

But stood erect, a living monument

To friendliness, worth and loyalty.

And so I named that cedar you.

My tree had many names, thank God,

But all of them meant friendship, worth

And loyalty.



# The Boys' Hobby Fair

*Premier May Open Ontario Exhibit  
—Four Thousand Entries Expected*

*By Charles St. John*



Formal design has endless possibilities

**T**HERE comes a time when every normal boy develops a sudden and surprising willingness to run errands, mow the lawn, or do anything else his parents may require. But concurrently the lad seems to have become suddenly deaf at intervals, to have mysterious interests which make him spend long hours in the attic, basement, or stable—any place comparatively secure from interruption.

The family duly note all these signs—and ponder causes. It is not Christmas, no birthday is imminent, and for a while the adults may puzzle over these alternations of ready communication and rapid retreat. But finally someone finds the butterflies in the tie box, the dog in the garage, or the be-thumbed catalogues from the stamp dealer—and another hobby is exposed!

Not every hobby endures for long. One month the youngster may be worrying because the butterflies won't eat cabbage leaves—although white butterflies are always haunting the cabbage patch! But before long he may be desperately intent on ruining dad's saw during the manufacture of a pushmobile; and still later mother can't find

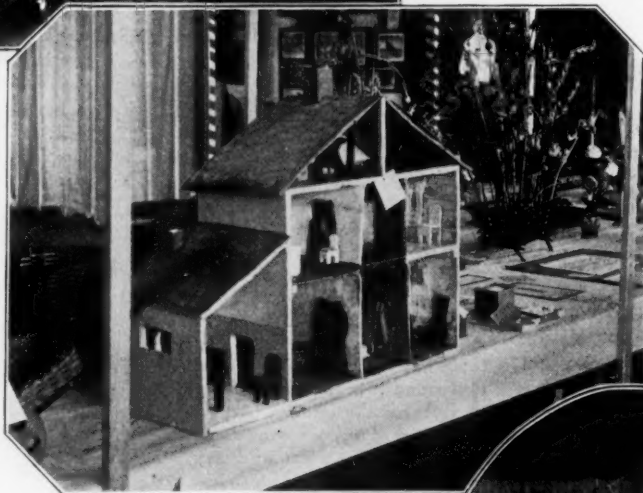
any preserve jars until she traces that funny drug-store smell to the attic.

The wise parent, however, will be patient throughout all these varying phases and perhaps there will be reward in the form of little offerings more or less useful and ornamental. True, the first photo frame shows where the hot iron slipped a bit, and the supply of fresh eggs is woefully inadequate. Never mind, there will be better results by and by—Junior is only taking his own way to show you that a good carpenter is worth more than a bad lawyer.

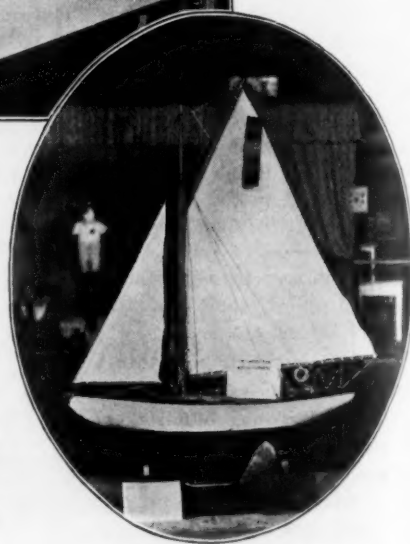
For any hobby which proves rather permanent is the actual expression of tastes and capacities which influence—even if they do not control—the boy's

future. Through the hobby, also, the parent has a singularly good opportunity to find out just what response the boy will make to elemental economies and sociology. Then in addition to the contacts between the boy and his family, there will be new contacts with other boys, with incidental education all around. Hobbies also give the boy some sort of tests wherewith to try out the respective intelligences of his immediate circle, since he will learn to distinguish between people who can suggest interesting correlations for scraps of recently acquired knowledge—and those who can't.

So these 'teen-age hobbies are really worth while despite the strain on the



"This desirable home ready furnished—"



White sails like moths  
at dusk



Homes for feathered friends

family purse and the first-aid kit. Some psychologist says that society's problem is not so much a matter of trying to plant square pegs in round holes as of trying to fit the wrong sizes of pegs and holes. We may learn better in the future, meanwhile the boys and girls are doing their best to teach us through their hobbies.

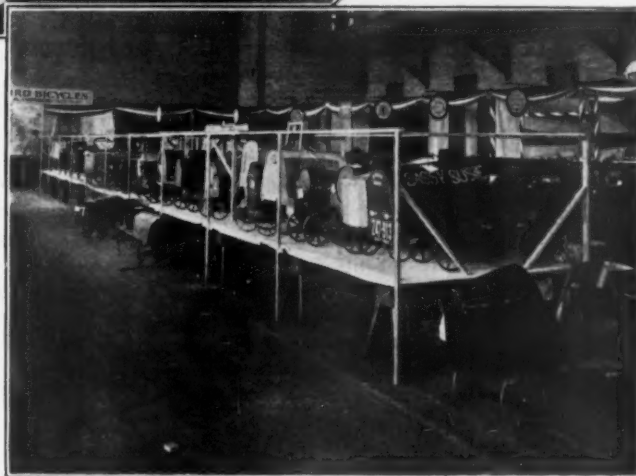
It was such speculations as these which induced the Rotary Club of London, Ontario, to arrange its first hobby fair three years ago. When we note that on the 10th of May, 1926, the Premier of Canada is expected to open the fourth of these annual fairs in the Armories, that 4,000 entries are anticipated, it will be obvious that their reasoning was not without foundation.

WHEN Roy Cunningham originated the plan, sponsored by London Rotarians, there was an immediate reaction from the community. This first year there were 1,400 entries and an attendance of 8,000; in 1924 it was 2,700 entries to interest 18,000 visitors; last year 3,800 entries and 22,000 attendance, including more than 800 Rotarians from the Eighteenth District. Wide interest was aroused which naturally resulted in fairs being held in Canada and the United States, patterned very much after the London plan. Information has been requested by Rotary clubs as far away as Europe and New Zealand. Among other successful hobby fairs staged by Rotary clubs was one in Chicago in 1925 with thousands of entries, and more recently one was sponsored by the club in Tientsin, China.

Besides a very comprehensive list of entries by both boys and girls, the fair to be held next May will have a program of dances and other features to show the talent of the rising generation. Just how comprehensive this entry list is, may be gleaned from the preparations for housing exhibits in sixteen



Dad's pipe can be converted into a receiving set.



Cars for the sidewalk speed kings

major departments and apparently endless sub-classifications. Take the pet stock section as an example—the most popular of all. There are classes for pet hares, guinea pigs, pigeons, cats, dogs, kittens, and poultry. Then come the sub-classes so that the youngster may enter his animal in the competition for the oldest dog, the youngest dog, the ugliest dog, the smallest dog, or almost any other distinction which dogs may have. Art, mechanics, music, domestic science, woodwork, natural history, collections, photography, electrical work, dolls, school products, sewing, push-

mobiles, anything and everything that is known to interest boys and girls may be found at the fair. If a hobby is not already represented the directors would like to hear about it, because it must be an unusual one. Perhaps next year some one will enter a set of marionettes and their theater!

Besides the regular prizes and special ribbons there are Rotary silver shields for the best exhibit in each class and a special silver cup for the boy and girl respectively with the best exhibit at the fair. And to add the thrill of group competition a local paper offers a silver cup to the school rating the highest number of points.

All of this naturally rouses discussion wherever the young hobbyists congregate, and undoubtedly furnishes outlets for youthful energy that will meet with the approval of the community. It lays the foundation for a more successful manhood or womanhood, since whether it contributes directly to vocational training or not, it stimulates thinking and leads to a broader, more tolerant life.

There is, perhaps, a peculiar fitness in a

Rotary club undertaking the promotion of such a scheme. Rotary is concerned with the citizenship of tomorrow and has a membership representing nearly every vocation in the entire community.

The officials, looking around for a slogan, finally decided upon one which summarizes exactly the whole theory of hobby fairs. In one corner of the front page of the advance program you read:

"IN THE HOBBY OF THE BOY YOU FIND THE BIG IDEA OF THE MAN."



# The Conservation of Your Estate

*By Frank B. Odell*

**I**N central New York an aggressive broker accumulated \$40,000 in real and personal property. At the age of forty-eight he was induced to take the periodic physical examination extended to him by an insurance company carrying a sizable liability on his life. In the laboratory the deadly test tube revealed definite quantities of albumen in the urine. He had postponed too long the physical survey to which his policy entitled him. Advanced Bright's disease was in progress and it kept right on progressing until they took him out to Oakdale and erected a granite column to his memory.

The same optimistic temperament that led him to defer his physical survey misled him into postponing the making of a will. He had the feeling that there was plenty of time and, anyway, his property would descend directly to his wife and two small children. And it did—\$35,000 of it. The other \$5,000 went the way of the Probate Court to a son by a former marriage. He had one grand jubilant ride on the high tide of the "old man's" money. It lasted eleven months, ending at midnight near a roadhouse, when a seductive gray roadster hitting sixty miles turtled over an embankment and crashed into a dismal gorge below.

This tragedy might have been postponed indefinitely or entirely averted by the simple expedient of a valid will. The \$5,000 dissipated in lust might have maintained the widow and children through the first years of utter dependency. A man's dependents are not always the beneficiaries of his frugality and thrift. The ultimate spenders of the money he earned and saved are the beneficiaries always. It frequently happens that the savings of a life of unrelenting labor is scattered among unworthy or undeserving relatives instead of completing the unfinished life work of the one who created the fund. Strife within family circles often leading to litigation and personal bitterness, deep wounds that never heal, malignant ulcerating hatred where love should exist; these are some of the possible results of failure to make a will.

Because the matter of wills is so closely associated with death we dislike to face the facts, but this is no sound reason why men should go on building estates in the serene faith that if he accumulates enough money all will be well with his family. All will not be well with his family unless prudent and definite plans are made for conserving the estate after it is created. This appears quite necessary in view of the disquieting fact that four million dol-

lars are lost in America every year in worthless securities; lost by men and women of more than average intelligence. Right now there are three million widows—many of them past sixty-five—and ninety-two per cent of them are dependent upon the charity or generosity of others for the actual necessities of life.

Every business day last year, ten thousand recently widowed women were confronted with the problem of finding some way to invest and safeguard the estates left by their late husbands. What they do with these estates is told graphically in numerous financial reports available to anyone. The estate of any man represents the net results of his life work. Are these estates doing for our families what we intend they shall do? Or are they just easy money for the suave vulture who specializes in "suddenly rich" widows? The question is vital. It deserves the best thought and the keen analysis of men and women. The subject should be dragged out into daylight and discussed between husband and wife in those quiet hours of the firelight glow.

**I**T is every normal person's privilege and certainly every prudent man's solemn duty to direct final disposition of his estate. Men go on toiling through a half century of accumulative years in unconscious harmony with the eternal mandate of the animal kingdom which rules that the male of the species shall protect with his own life the present and future welfare of his chosen mate and their offspring. Impelled onward by an undefined motive of preserving the life of his dependents, men toil and worry that their children may not. When a father provides adequate shelter, education, moral training, and spiritual instruction he functions as nature designed him to function and nothing else in his life matters much. If he fails to discharge this obligation, then his life is a failure and a tragedy no matter how many service clubs or Chambers of Commerce he belongs to. He should do this for his dependents not only as long as he lives but so long as they live dependent upon him.

A will is the written and witnessed directions of the maker as to the disposition of his assets after his death. It need not be elaborate or complicated.

It certainly ought to be simple and specific in its terms and conditions. The time to make a will is when the maker is of legal age, of sound mind and when acquisition of property is complete. A competent attorney should be employed to draft an airtight, ironclad, and unbreakable document. Wills are made but once or twice in an entire life and it is poor economy to hazard all on a document which may prove defective. Casual advice of a lawyer friend or curbstome counsel should not form the basis for so vital a matter as a will. The only safe way is to employ a reliable lawyer, then place all the cards on his table face up. Pay him his legitimate fee to guide you through the perilous shoals of defective and litigant wills, naming any person or institution you select as executor.

Many men believe that added security is obtained by naming a co-executor to act as advisor. He is often a business associate or a close-to-the-family friend of sound judgment and business experience. The will may stipulate how and when and to whom certain definite sums of money shall be paid, and the function of the co-executor is to see that all prescribed terms of the will are consummated. Of late years men of means have appointed their bank or trust company to act as trustee of their estate or to act as co-executor. This arrangement is infinitely more stable than appointing an individual person, because individuals may die, become insane, indifferent or unscrupulous, but the business of banking goes on and on without important changes in its business policy. Trust funds are backed by the full resources of the administering bank. They are governed and executed under rigid legal restrictions and are always subject to inspection by authorized bank examiners besides having the further security of the integrity and character of the bank's personnel. Trust funds have for many years earned six per cent interest, though the earnings on investments reaching out into the future cannot be guaranteed absolutely or predicted accurately.

Within reasonable limits a trust can follow your directions quite well—especially if it is given some latitude in following the spirit rather than the letter of the will. Too broad interpretation is just as dangerous as that which is too narrow, but if you start on the job early enough a satisfactory compromise can be arranged. It is far easier to put your executors in your confidence now than to try it through a spiritualist.

## One Small Dog remodels two families

# Back to Nature

By A. N. M., in the "Manchester Guardian"

I NEVER understood how it was that Trimble and I got so extraordinarily affable with one another. One of us must have set the note, and I suppose the other followed. I try to be civil to people, but I am not fantastically polite as a rule; and it didn't appear that Trimble was more than ordinarily suave with other men. Yet to him I would say: "Would you permit me to ask if you could spare a match?" and he would reply: "It gives me the greatest possible pleasure to do so." And this, mind you, solemnly.

I have been told that in China it is the thing to say: "Would your honourable self and your august consort visit us this evening in our obscene hovel?" and that a proper counter to this would be: "That old hag and the miserable being before you will be at your palatial abode at 7:30 sharp." That or something like it. Words to that effect. Well, Trimble and I did not go quite so far as this, but it indicates the line we took. We paid each other extravagant compliments. Our gardens were not far apart and I found myself speaking to him of his kidney beans with enthusiasm; he referred to my vegetable marrows with emotion. Sitting opposite to him in the train I could not refrain from expressing admiration for the pattern of his trousers. He said that I was the only man he knew who got full value out of his hat. Blushingly he explained that he didn't mean I wore it too long.

I suppose some people are the same to everybody, are gruff or forthcoming, as the case may be, every time. But those of us who are plastic, sympathetic, and deprecating, change according to the particular relation. And if there is someone of the same temper on the other side you may stimulate one another to extreme manifestations of nothing in particular. One would like to think that character may be latent behind the gracious concession, that you may yield in your strength and not in your weakness.

I think Trimble was conscious, as I was, of the artificial relation, but neither of us could make the effort toward a reasonable downrightness. We tried to avoid one another, feeling the exertion of keeping things up. We had even experimented in a cheerful

brevity, but we fell back on the accursed verbiage; we couldn't be natural. A touch of facetiousness fared no better; it seemed like impiety. Confound the fellow! I had very little idea of what he was like, and he didn't impress me when he was talking to others. Possibly my presence cramped him. I was absurdly conscious of him in company.

We might have gone on so for ever if it hadn't been for my little dog. He is a terrier of mixed and undistinguished ancestry, young, and extremely playful. He is one of the dogs who wants you to play with him, and he thinks the best game of all is that in which you pretend to menace him while he lurks, growls, feints, rushes at you, halts, and then repeats the process. Sometimes he will seize a garment with his teeth and affect to worry it, and this seems to have been what occurred when Mrs. Trimble paid her call or, rather, attempted to pay it. Isabel heard mixed sounds in which Smallboys (our dog) predominated. She feared that all was not well, and hastened out in time to see Mrs. Trimble's retreat. Isabel described her as screaming, but later she amended this to "utterance of sharp ejaculations." Anyhow, Smallboys considered this an admirable addition to the game, and he, at least, thoroughly enjoyed himself. Isabel joined in the chase and overtook Mrs. Trimble at her own gate. She abounded in incoherent reproaches while Isabel tried to explain the harmlessness, the fundamental geniality of Smallboys, who continued to skirmish in the near neighborhood.

IT appeared that he had seized the edge of Mrs. Trimble's dress, that the dress was ruined, and that only the fortunate circumstances of a skirt longer than fashion dictates had saved her legs from laceration. Isabel, of course, was extremely sympathetic; the dress, she declared must be made good or replaced, and the dog, though it meant no harm would be strictly limited to the most decorous behaviour. In the agitation of the moment Mrs. Trimble was not able to find the fold of the dress which had been attacked, but she said: "We won't go into that now." She was very much agitated. Isabel tried to induce her to complete the call, promising absolute immunity from Smallboys, but she was too much upset.

That evening I received a note from Trimble. It was a model of heroic politeness, of exquisite consideration under deep injury. He made every allowance for us, he knew that the episode had been as painful to Isabel as to his "poor wife." The dog would of course, be destroyed immediately. We should be glad to know that Mrs. Trimble was calming down. She was very sorry about the poor dog, but it would be a relief to her to hear that the worst was over.

"The worst" I understood to mean the destruction of Smallboys. Well, I didn't quite rise to that, and Isabel laughed at the idea. The ethics of dog-keeping may be difficult, but this didn't seem to me a difficult case. You have no right to keep a dog which frightens children and makes ordinary people go in fear of their lives; the postman deserves some consideration and even the errand boy. But Smallboys would have a case against society if we destroyed him because of a slight sportiveness. Besides, the little dog had charm. And he meant no offence.

So I wrote to Trimble to say I thought he exaggerated the importance of the affair and that, much as we regretted the inconvenience to Mrs. Trimble, we thought a reasonable amount of surveillance on our part, together with a better understanding of the joyousness of Smallboys' nature, should enable us to go on harmoniously without any resort to extreme measures.

Trimble's rejoinder consisted largely of amazement, and the edge of his politeness was considerably blunted. He referred to the dangers of life and property in the existence of such a savage and depredatory creature.

And here, I must say frankly, Smallboys was not free from blame. It was too bad of him to choose such an occasion to run away with the Trimbles' fish. While expressing regret for this and offering to pay, I told Trimble that the incident was not really relevant; nobody had ever executed a dog for stealing a neighbor's fish. Unfortunately I used the phrase "drawing a red herring across the trail," which is a cliché I should never have countenanced. Trimble, a man who takes obvious openings, replied, of course, that

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# Rotary—From the Outside

## *A District Governor Compares His Views with Those of Rotary's Critics*

By Edward A. Silberstein

**T**HE article "Is There Anything Wrong With Rotary" in THE ROTARIAN for November, touches a subject that has for years given me, as I assume that it has every other Rotarian, considerable concern. Not that I discovered that there was anything wrong with Rotary, but that there was something materially wrong with some Rotarians, or perhaps I had better say members of Rotary Clubs. Rotary as such has come to be recognized as one of the greatest ennobling influences in modern business life. It has been said to be a philosophy of life, teaching men how to live, work, play, serve. And as such it is indestructible, eternal, and above criticism.

But what we are considering here is not Rotary, but the frailty of Rotarians, and often found in clubs in America. The point of view would apply equally, perhaps, to members of other clubs, in fact may be said to be an indictment of the strictly "organization man" in every community, where the kernel has been discarded for the shell.

I am sure that some critics of Rotary are sincere, and that they express the conviction of the critic, based upon the obvious. I know this to be true of Sinclair Lewis and H. L. Mencken, from whom liberal quotations are made in the article referred to. It seems to me that thoughtful men will be disposed first to take inventory, and if that discloses some of the weaknesses complained of, admit them and seek the remedy. It is with that thought in mind that I offer the present views on Rotary and its critics.

I shall preface what I have to say with a confession. I am now in my eleventh year in Rotary. I entered with the principal thought of the companionship it offered, knowing little of its tenets or ideals. The term "Rotary" presented to my mind a mechanical picture, or at best a name. It seemed to offer nothing that might stimulate the imagination or stir the soul. It was (to me) just another manifestation of the American love of organization, an association of business and professional men endeavoring to learn something of each other's material affairs and interests.

But I had not been in it long before I began to feel that a new influence had come into my life. I saw that influence likewise affecting other men's lives. There were evidences on every hand of remarkable transformations. Men of stern mien became mellow, those of light vein, serious; all wanted to serve in such way as his talent and capacity permitted. It was as though a new awakening had come into the business and professional world, a new spirit had crept into men's souls.

I did not stop to inquire into the source from which it came. I was not particularly interested in the process by which it had filtered through. It was enough (to me) that it was here and working its wonders before my very eyes. I accepted it as a boon and a blessing.

It was while I was yet under the early spell of this new movement that I began to hear criticisms of Rotary and its clubs. I heard of clubs that were mere mediums for interchange of business between members. I heard of clubs whose principal function seemed to be to act as the town's professional and exclusive booster. There was the "exclusive" Rotarian, allowing but one of his craft or profession to enter. There was the clownish Rotarian, pretending to comradeship through coarse and vulgar humor and pranks. There was the godly Rotarian, holier than his fellow-man and exalted in his holiness. And the man of many words, seeking to confuse his hearers, and concealing his ignorance in empty rhetorical mouthings.

**EVEN** in the year just passed, Everett W. Hill, then International President, found it necessary to reprove a presiding officer for addressing the membership as "My Fellow-Rotes." I found critics, humorous and severe, who seized upon these and similar weaknesses to bring ridicule and contumely to the movement. So much prominence was given to mean competition, with slander at times as its weapon, to rule-of-thumb methods, to eagerness to shout a club's and a city's greatness from house tops,—to the forced comradeship of addressing others by their first name, the suffi-

cency of club singing, social climbing and the inordinate chase for the dollar, that I began to fear that the public would believe that Rotary was a Will-of-the-Wisp and a Pretender, and that it offered nought that would endure.

"An American who has a clipped mustache, brisk manners, a Knight of Pythias pin, and a mind for duck-shooting, hardware-selling and cigars." Thus does Sinclair Lewis, in "Main Street," introduce the Middle-West Rotarian in a single synoptic sentence. And his "Babbitt" was another example of an exaggerated type, which only too often is to be found in the ranks of Rotary clubs, and which furnish Rotary's critics with a weapon of great range and efficacy.

H. L. Mencken, another of Rotary's caustic though honest critics, said in his "Prejudices"—"Here I am, a better citizen, I daresay, and certainly a less murmurous and exigent one, than those who belong ardently to every Rotary Club, Ku Klux Klan, and Anti-Saloon League, and choke with emotion when the band plays "Star Spangled Banner." Again and again has this man stabbed at the vitals of the Rotary movement, sometimes in good humor and at other times in sharp but well-meant criticism, until I was led to address to him the following letter.

Dear Mr. Mencken:

I have been interested in and have been a member of the Rotary Organization for ten years, and to me it represents a great force which was needed in business and which has worked wonders in getting men to see this world and their obligation to it in a new light. I have been distressed many times, however, to note that there is in your writings a disposition to take this movement lightly, and at times treat it in a slighting and jeering tone.

Of course, I recognize that any organization must suffer from the act of its members, and that some Rotarians may have given occasion to some criticism, but in the main I believe that Rotary has been a great constructive force, and that the attitude of the men in it, as well as the community, has been one of respect for its ideals and attainments.

I would be interested in knowing just what your views were and what has given occasion for the slighting references to it in your "Prejudices" and elsewhere, because if there is anything inherently weak in it that I can help to remedy, I want to do my part, and if your views are predicated upon a misunderstanding, I would also be glad to assist in clearing up that misunderstanding.

Please know that I am addressing this to you in the most friendly spirit and only because Rotary is so dear to my heart.

Sincerely,

EDWARD A. SILBERSTEIN

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## AMONG OUR LETTERS



### Don't Forget Our Smaller Clubs

Editor, THE ROTARIAN:

A careful reading of the recently distributed outline for Rotary's Business Practice programs suggests this thought—May we not be imposing on Rotary educational ideas too much of the big-city club's viewpoint?

Take, for example, the October meeting program, devoted to the objective of attaining "membership and participation by *each* Rotarian member in trade and professional associations." It would be very interesting to secure a cross-section of the reaction obtained from that program by our smaller clubs, and our small clubs are in the majority. Is it not true that the average small-city Rotarian knows very little, by personal contact, of "trade associations" and has little opportunity to exert a desired influence on any such organization of which he may happen to be a member? To discuss in our average small Rotary Club the importance of carrying Rotarian ideals into such trade associations as those suggested for the October meeting—The Asphalt Association, the Forged Tool Society, the Tanners' Council, and so on, is to force upon our membership a subject which neither interests nor enthuses. On the contrary, the subject is one of far more general interest to the Rotary Clubs of our large cities, where the average Rotarian is likely to be not only a member of a "trade or professional association" but who has opportunities by personal contact for developing the ideals we seek to attain through such organizations.

The permanency of Rotary and the best development of her ideals will always depend in great measure on our smaller clubs. Here is found the warmest fellowship, the closest bonds of sympathy and common interests, the most earnest devotion to Rotarian ideals. Less favored than our big-city brothers in opportunities for business fellowship, we of the smaller clubs take our Rotarian diet with keen appetite and a capacity for attacking ideals in such manner as to digest them effectively. A Rotarian luncheon, with its attendant program, is relatively a far more important event in the small town than the large city.

It is the history of fraternal orders

Letters discussing questions of special interest to Rotarians are invited by the Editors and as many as possible will be printed each month. Representing the personal opinions of the writers, the Editors and Publishers are not responsible for statements made.

that the greatest departure from the purposes and ideals for which such organizations were created, a diversion from idealism and service to selfish social pleasure, is found in the large cities; the small country lodges best retain the high ideals. So, I believe, it is in Rotary, and will continue to be; the small clubs most faithfully represent the principles for which Rotary stands. They see and know little of "trade and professional associations," of "Steel Barrel Manufacturers' Institutes" and "Oak Flooring Bureaus;" their most important "association" is their community; and they find much of inspiration and stimulation in planning for better co-ordinated community thought and action.

On behalf of the small Rotary Club may I express the hope that those who plan our programs will not over-rate the influence of the big-city interests nor allow them to obscure the best interests of the smaller clubs, where the heart of Rotary beats warm and true.

FRANCIS E. LESTER,  
Rotary Club of Las Cruces, N. Mex.

### What Makes a Rotarian?

Because the writer has heard so many discussions on the subject of Rotary Education and has become so full of such discussions he has now come to a place where he feels he must say something or suffer the consequences. I am reminded of the story of the inebriated passenger who couldn't find his railway ticket and was told by the conductor: "You will have to do one of three things, find your ticket, pay your fare, or get off." The sharp words seemed to sober up the passenger. Leastwise he found his ticket and after handing it to the conductor patted that individual on that part of his anatomy which protruded out quite some distance beyond the line

running from ear to ankle and said, "Shal righ', Buddie, you'll have to do one of three things, diet, exercise or bust."

I feel that I am compelled to do one of three things; quit reading about Rotary Education, or not pay any attention to what I read, or say something about it myself.

Education to my mind is the ability to react properly under a given set of conditions. Let me illustrate.

The swain may come to a banquet table and use the oyster fork to help himself to bread, or he may use his salad fork for the vegetables and his knife for the pie. This is due entirely to the fact that, so far as this set of conditions are concerned, namely a banquet table properly laid with its silver service, food and formal surroundings, he is not able to re-act properly.

The man who sits across the table from him, who will make no mistake in the use of the silver service, would, if taken out into the field and told to plow corn in all probability plow up corn, because so far as this set of conditions is concerned he is not educated and therefore cannot re-act properly.

So I contend that the individual is educated in Rotary who re-acts properly under all conditions where service is concerned. By re-acting properly I mean he will consider service before himself; that he will do unto others as he would have others do unto him; that he will encourage and foster high ethical standards in his business and profession and in the business and profession of those whom he can influence either by act or word; that he will encourage and foster the ideal of service as the basis of all worth-while enterprises; that he will encourage and foster the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations and the dignifying by each individual of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society; that he will encourage and foster understanding, good will, and international peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the Rotary ideal of service.

Simply joining a Rotary Club or simply continuing on the roster of a

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# EDITORIAL COMMENT

## *Making a Bad Impression*

SOMETIMES there is an individual who asserts he is going to break into a Rotary club and no one is going to keep him out. Sometimes there are men in a city which has not yet a Rotary club, who assert they are going to organize a Rotary club whether authorized to do so by Rotary International or not.

In either case such an act would be an immediate evidence of a lack of understanding of Rotary principles and the Rotary spirit, or at least that is the impression it would make upon Rotarians. Fellowship and understanding and peace cannot be brought about by unfriendly and defiant attitudes.

Rotary International is seeking to add to its membership of existing clubs and to its member clubs in Rotary International by establishing contacts with men and groups of men who are inclined to be considerate and tolerant of other men's ways of doing things.

Individuals are not expected to apply for membership in a Rotary club until they are invited to do so by the club. Groups are not expected to apply for membership in Rotary International until they are invited to do so by Rotary International. To be sure, the compliment of knowing that any individual would like to have an invitation to join a club, and that any group of men would like an invitation to join Rotary International is appreciated, but unless the individual or group wish to make an unfavorable impression, they had best not try to force themselves into Rotary. And needless to say, only an unfavorable impression would be made by any man assuming the title of Rotarian or any group of men assuming the title Rotary club without the authorization of Rotary International.

## *Cast Them Out*

ROTARIANS are good citizens, encouraging law observance and discouraging law breaking and law evasion. Rotarians are promoting high ethical and moral standards in business and in both public and private life. Such being the case, the time surely has come to exclude from our club publications, our officials bulletins, our club and conference programs, any facetious references to law-breaking or law-evasion. Particularly in the United States and Canada should we eliminate the jokes and witticisms associated with the laws on the manufacture and distribution of drugs and intoxicants. We cannot make a permanent success of scattering the sunlight of good citizenship with

our right hand while at the same time our left hand is building a smoke-screen for the bootleggers and the highjackers. Let's do away with these humorous and tolerant allusions to law-breaking. Let's cast them out of Rotary.

## *Retired Membership*

THERE is one subject upon which a discussion among Rotarians can be had at any time and that is the subject of membership in a Rotary club. A number of clubs appear to be particularly interested in what they refer to as "retired members."

The discussion is made more complex and more perplexing by the fact that some clubs seem to have reference to men who involuntarily lose their membership in a Rotary club through a change of business or location, while other clubs have in mind men who have grown old in years and have retired from active business, and still others have in mind men who are still in active business but have spent many years in membership and service in the Rotary club. It isn't a question that can be easily disposed of. "Once a Rotarian, always a Rotarian" has an attractive sound, but it means relaxing the principle of one member only from each classification of business or profession.

## *High Cost of Congestion*

A NEW YORK man's calculation shows that if all the people in the skyscrapers, the elevated trains, and the subways were to assemble at the same moment in the streets of the down-town area, they would be piled eighteen feet deep.

The towering office building, once the monument of municipal enterprise, is beginning to arouse some misgivings among those who wrestle with municipal problems. Engineers are now urging "that cities be spread out rather than built up."

"Higher and higher buildings," said Harlan Bartholomew, city plan engineer of St. Louis, in an address before the civic development group at the annual meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, "and even greater concentration of business are now not so much monuments of business enterprises as they are symptoms of economic waste. Witness New York's \$500,000,000 expenditure for subways with congestion greater today than ever before. The 'congestion tax' of New York is estimated at \$1,000,000 per day."

Built-up cities require better transportation and spread-out cities require better transportation. So after all the problem is one of transportation to and from whatever buildings are erected.

# Unusual Stories of Unusual Men

## Andy Anderson— Community Builder

By GEORGE NORTH TAYLOR

**W**E who use coal for heat or power seldom consider the men who risk their lives in the bowels of the earth digging the fuel that supplies warmth and energy for us.

I was a very small boy when William Anderson came to Streator, Illinois, and opened a coal mine about a block distant from our home. One day my brother ran into the house with the news that a terrible accident had occurred at the Anderson shaft. Out he and I flew, around the corner to the Anderson home, where we peeped in through the kitchen window. We were frightened at the sight we beheld. On the table lay Dave Anderson, with my father and other surgeons standing about him. I remember the bright, shiny surgical instruments passing from surgeon to assistant. One leg and one arm had been so crushed by a fall of rock that each had to be amputated. In an adjoining room lay an older brother, John Anderson, with his back broken in the same accident. Little hope was held for the recovery of either man.

There were mouths to feed, backs to clothe, and feet to be shod, so back to the mine went William Anderson, the father, and his other sons who had not been hurt. One of these sons was Andy Anderson.

Months went by after the Anderson coal-mine accident, and Dave, with Scotch pluck, put on a peg leg, filled a big satchel with merchandise and canvassed the town. Sympathy for an unfortunate added, of course, to the success of Dave but he had articles to sell of real use and merit and a gift of salesmanship that built a profitable business. He went to school, applied himself to the task of acquiring knowledge. He became in time superintendent of schools for Grundy County, Illinois, and is now a highly successful lawyer in Joliet.

John Anderson with the broken back but an indomitable will procured a knitting machine and made articles for Dave to sell. Then John learned telegraphy and became manager of the local telegraph office. He rode daily over our sidewalks to his place of business in a wheel chair propelled by his own

arm power. He saved money, invested in real estate thus acquiring a competency. He married and became the father of two sons, one of whom is now a student in the University of Illinois and the other a graduate of Annapolis and a lieutenant in the U. S. Air Service.

The record of these two crippled men is enough to cast a halo around the heads of William Anderson, the father and Mary Anderson, the mother who were people of thrift, honesty, neighborliness, and exponents of high parental qualities.

But there was Andy Anderson, just a kid working down in the mine. He started there when only twelve years of age. On account of the necessity of helping to care for his injured brothers until they became self-supporting he continued as a miner until he was twenty years old. He had a few years schooling before he entered the mine but from that time on his education was dug out by hard personal application. He quit the mine, learned the trade of a printer, spent the usual time of his trade wandering from town to town, came back to Streator, married the boyhood sweetheart, ran a newspaper, started job printing and found his work. He sold the paper and began to do job printing just a little better than the other fellow. He specialized in Lyceum and Chautauqua printing. His organization the Anderson Printing Company came to be known over the United States as one of the best and biggest houses in its field of printing. He established a profit-sharing plan in the business. He was able to see the other fellow's viewpoint, for he had come up from the depths and he knew the de-



Andy Anderson of Streator, Illinois, is another of the men whose memory of a struggle to better things has induced them to make the way somewhat easier for the next generation. He is a past president of the Rotary Club of Streator, Illinois, and prominently identified with community activities.

nials, the hardships, the hopes and aspirations of those who work.

Andy was one of the first members of the Rotary Club of Streator. Its ideals and principles were what he had built in his business so it was natural that he should become a Rotarian and serve as president of the club.

Andy's chief recreation is golf. He has a natural love for the ancient game, and his proficiency has been demonstrated on more than one occasion. This coupled with business ability are reasons why he has served as president of the Streator Country Club for ten years.

**J**UST on the edge of Streator was Streator Recreation Center, a community playground, which through lack of funds was used but little. There came a vision to Andy Anderson of young men and young women, denied the opportunity of membership in a limited private club, having a chance to enjoy tennis, golf, and other clean

(Continued on page 53)





# ROTARY CLUB ACTIVITIES

*"I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes."—Midsummer Night's Dream.*

## **"Prevention Better Than Cure" For Infantile Paralysis Cases**

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The crippled children's committee of Brooklyn Rotary surveyed its field, decided that the best time to do something for the children was before the little limbs got badly twisted. After a year's careful study of the situation the committee arranged with the College of Medicine of the Long Island College Hospital to provide a course which would enable public-health nurses to detect an on-coming crippling condition, and to care for it intelligently if it should be already present. The course will be open to graduate nurses who wish to specialize in orthopaedics and twelve nurses have already enrolled. Dr. Jacques C. Rushmore, Professor of Orthopaedic Surgery is the instructor, and public-health experts are interested in the course which is said to be the first of its kind.

## **Find Mediaeval Version of "He Profits Most—"**

LEGHORN, ITALY.—Rotarian Guglielmo Tomei of Leghorn strolled through the streets of Spoleto observing with interest the manifold evidences of the town's long history. Suddenly he started, paused, and eagerly approached No. 20 Via del Duomo that he might better study an inscription. Over the architrave he read in beautiful capital letters "Per servire s'acquista. Servi quando poi." (Through serving one gains. Serve when thou canst.)

On his return to Leghorn Rotarian Tomei mentioned his discovery to Professor Stefano Mancini and others. Photographs were secured and Professor Mancini made a study of the history of the house. It seems likely that the house, like an adjoining mansion now belonging to the community, was once the property of the "Opera del Duomo" (Administration of the Patrimony of the Cathedral). This neighbouring building is of elegant red and white stone construction and bears a 14th century inscription and the Ghibeline coat of arms of the town, i. e., the rampant horse, whose rider is armed with a lance having a pen-

nant at its end. The "Opera del Duomo" was a religious institution for the service of the Church, and the members of the administration council served without recompense. Therefore Professor Mancini believes that the motto seen by Rotarian Tomei should be interpreted as: "Through giving

services and charities one gains merits; therefore see thou to it that thou art of help to thy fellowmen every time when opportunity will be given thee."

In support of his interpretation the professor refers to another motto imprinted on a leather case now preserved in the museum at Arezzo. This motto is in the Lombardic style and dates back to the 15th century. It reads "Chi spera in Dio non può fallire, per soffrire si acquista." (He who trusts in God cannot fail. Through suffering one gains.)

## **Ten Thousand More Trees For New York State**

GLENS FALLS, N. Y.—Inspired by an address given by William G. Howard, assistant state superintendent of forests, a local Rotarian offered to give him 20 acres of land to establish a Rotary forest. The offer was accepted by the club, the Conservation Commission offered to give trees, a planting bee for Rotarians and boys in the "Buddy" club was arranged. After various preliminaries 10,000 red pine seedlings were going into the sandy plain.

## **"Where Do We Go From Here?"**

NUNEATON, ENGLAND.—On their return from visiting a neighboring club two Nuneaton Rotarians entertained their friends with the story of a secretary's predicament. When he announced that a certain lecturer would shortly appear to speak on "Coal in connection with our future" there was a joyous uproar which suggested the advisability of amending the title.

## **British Party Plans Trip To South Africa**

LEICESTER, ENGLAND.—Plans for a party of 20 to 50 British Rotarians to visit their fellow-members in South Africa were well under way in November. According to the tentative itinerary the Britishers would sail from Southampton on Jan. 15th, call at Madeira, and arrive at Cape Town on Feb. 1st. Two days were to be spent in sightseeing here before the party

## **Boys Work Conference**

NEARLY five hundred men representing some eighty organizations met at the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago on November 30th for the second International Boys Work Conference arranged by Rotary International. Some of these men had travelled 2,000 miles to attend.

The Conference recorded its appreciation of Rotary's part in arranging the meetings of 1924 and 1925, and decided to form a new organization to be known as "The International Boys Work Conference," entirely separate from Rotary and with a constitution of its own. S. Kendrick Guernsey of Orlando, Fla., was elected president, and William Lewis Butcher, of New York City, secretary.

Next year this new boys work organization will hold its annual conference in Chicago, and it is hoped that its proceedings will have the support of everyone interested in boys and boy problems. It is not too early for social workers and business men, interested in boys, the begin planning for this event. Further information can be secured from Mr. Butcher, 244 William Street, New York City.

The February Number of THE ROTARIAN will contain an article describing the work of the conference.



What is believed to be the first sign of its sort in the Third Rotary District was recently erected by the Rotarians of Saltillo, Mexico. It advertises the town and is lighted at night by huge reflectors, the illumination being furnished free by the local light company which is headed by the Rotary president. Under the sign are (left to right) Rotarians S. N. Nordon; Marceline L. Garza, president; and Gustave Villareal; who were largely responsible for the scheme.

went by rail to Johannesburg—a 36-hour journey over the karoo. There would be a lunch with the Johannesburg club and trips to various points of interest around the mines. Pretoria is a fifty-mile drive from Johannesburg and would furnish opportunity for other Rotary contacts. From Pretoria the party would go to Durban and Pietermaritzburg before sailing from Durban for visits to East London and Port Elizabeth. According to these plans the party would be back in Cape Town about Feb. 17th and would be due again at Southampton on March 8th. Rotarian James Carmichael of Leicester had charge of arrangements.

#### Fellowship Table Plan Brings Results

HOUSTON, TEXAS.—Visiting Rotarians have been interested in the "fellowship table" scheme developed by Houston Rotary to promote acquaintance among members. In large clubs this membership acquaintance is one of the problems of administration and in 1924 the fellowship committee arranged for the allotment of a five-minute period for the introduction of twelve members who were seated on a raised platform opposite the president's table. Originally it was planned to "tie up" the member and his classification by dis-

playing before him some article pertaining to his business, and also to mention some personal trait which would make him more easily remembered. After some weeks it was found better to substitute mention of individual work in Rotary for this classification illustration. Since the club works under the group system it was also practicable to have the group captains introduce their co-workers. This method of spreading acquaintanceship has proved so valuable that it has been continued even after every member has been at the special table at least once.

To those Class AA clubs which may desire to try out the plan, this fellowship-table scheme is commended with

this caution: Be careful to assign the task of introduction to someone who is sufficiently interested to dig up the records on each member, and who possesses the wit to make the introductions effective.

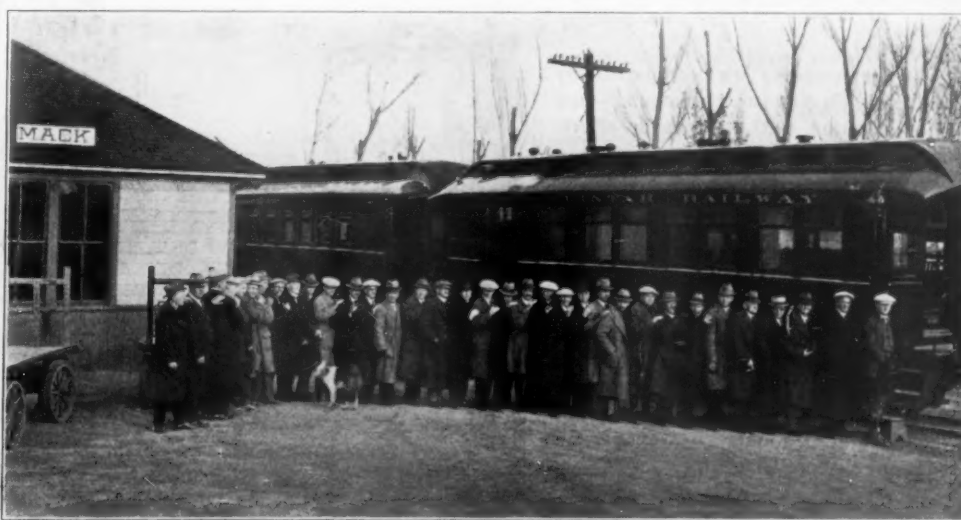
#### Meeting Serves Various Ends

PRICE, UTAH.—At the end of October the local Rotary club held a meeting which was first: a 100 per cent meeting, the second one in the month; second: a chance to entertain the high-school football team which had no defeats for the season or the one preceding; third: a chance to teach the Royal Welsh Gleemen that rollicking state song "The Land of the Howling Ute"; fourth: the scene for the welcome of a new member; and fifth, a portion of the meeting was conducted as a memorial for the district governor whose death was announced just before the meeting.

#### Six Hundred Children In Hallowe'en Parade

EUGENE, OREGON. — Pandemonium reigned supreme in busy streets. Whatever brief intervals remained untouched by the blare of brass and the roll of drums were promptly shattered by the honking, shrieking, squeaking, squalling of horns manipulated with all the energy of youth. Six hundred youngsters in fancy dress marched, romped, jostled as the Hallowe'en parade slid its sinuosities through the crowded streets. Elves, goblins, pirates, clowns, witches, black cats, and what not trooped along with the headless horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

Later the youngsters slipped into



Forty Rotarians of Grand Junction, Colo., boarded this special train at Mack for a trip to the top of Baxter pass and down through the canyons to Watson. The narrow-gauge road has several eight per cent grades and many 60 and 80 degree curves. Two special engines were used for the scenic trip which occupied a large part of one day.



This Rotary float won first prize in its section and was second choice for the grand prize in the Atlantic City Pageant of 1925. The float was thirty feet long and nine feet wide. The local beauty on the revolving golden gun carriage represented the Spirit of Rotary, her attendants representing the first six countries to welcome Rotary.

their old clothes and adjourned to the Chamber of Commerce, the Y. M. C. A., the high school, where they wrestled, raced, and otherwise conducted themselves after the manner of healthy children.

But the property was comparatively intact in Eugene next morning—and the Rotarians felt that their efforts for a better sort of Hallowe'en had been rewarded. Up and down the state the press recorded the change.

#### Scouts Hold Field Meet On Hallowe'en Night

PUEBLO, COLO.—The Scout Council of Pueblo wondered what might be done to keep Scouts and other boys off the streets on Hallowe'en night and to substitute constructive activity for the usual pranks. Finally it was decided that an outdoor field meet would be worth trying and after flood lights had been secured and the local Rotary club had promised to furnish cider, doughnuts, and apples for the crowd, plans began to take definite form. Each Scout was allowed to bring one boy

guest and altogether some three hundred attended the meet. Within the circle of light furnished by four searchlights, three bonfires, and strings of small lights, the Rotarian judges were kept busy as the points were scored and the award of the trophy cup (given by local jewellers) remained in doubt. After the Scouts had shown their skill at fire building with flint and steel; semaphore signaling; an equipment race; fire building by friction; wigwag signaling; water boiling; and knot tying, it was found that Troop L had won with 375 points out of a possible 700.

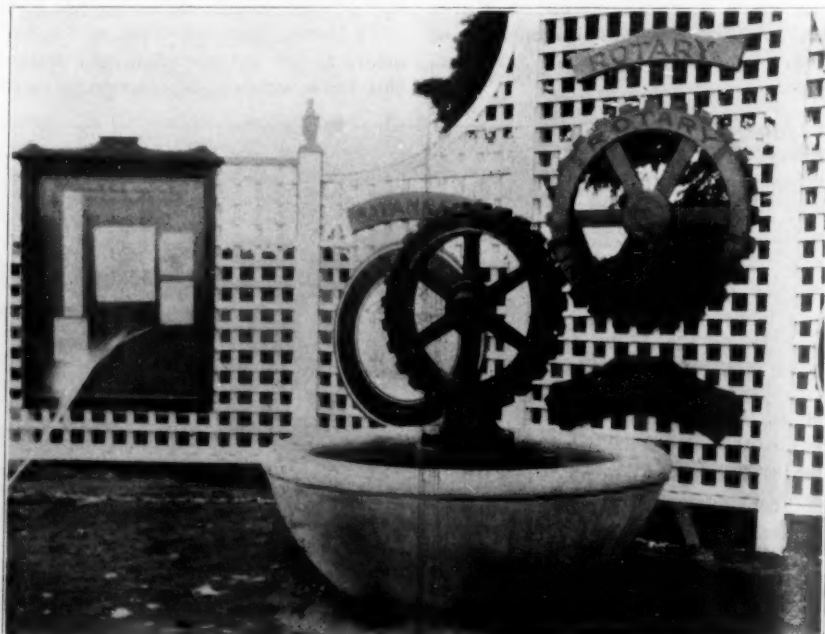
#### Boys Get Educational Trip Every Month

KINGSTON, N. Y.—Every week a group of Kingston boys are taken to the local Y. M. C. A. where they enjoy the use of the gymnasium, a swim, and an illustrated educational talk. Each month a similar group goes on an educational or recreational outing. Recently some of the boys visited the United States Military Academy at West Point, and as guests of the athletic association saw the St. Louis-Army football game. All these opportunities are made available by Kingston Rotarians through the boy's work committee.

#### Club Rescues County Farm Inmates from Virtual Slavery

STUTTGART, ARKANSAS.—Local Rotarians gasped at the revelations made by Edward Conley, a boy just recently released from the Lonoke county farm. Mayor Buerkle, George Hammans, and

(Continued on page 44)



With appropriate ceremony Savannah Rotarians presented this fountain to the county and it will remain near the new Georgia-Carolina bridge over the Savannah River. The trans-state tourist can now get cool water and information about roads at the same point.



# Some Rough Diamonds

By H. M. Cantrall

A LINE of automobiles formed in front of the Home for the Friendless and from each a group of laughing, joking, hilarious men alighted. For the Rotary Club was to be host this evening to the wards of the city—the forty-odd boys and girls whom Fate had given this substitute for the home which their parents should have provided. It had been the custom now for several years for the members of the Rotary Club to set aside one evening when they would have their dinner served at the Home and when each member would be responsible for the entertainment of at least one child. The children sat with them at the table, big-eyed and expectant, for there was to be “ice cream ’n everything,” and everybody laughed and nobody was corrected.

Bankers, merchants, professional men, tradesmen—all were there—and good-fellowship radiated from every corner of the long dining-room which ordinarily was such a gloomy place, with its cheerful red paper, bright cromos, linoleum floor, and high ceilings. The Home had been a one-time mansion of the city, built when it was the fashion to put the ceiling as high as one could afford and make the doors and windows long, gloomy slits in the wall through which one saw as little of the outside world and adjoining rooms as possible.

It was quite the accepted thing to ask the children the usual banal questions. “What is your name?” “Mine is so and so.” “Do you have a good time at the Home?” “What grade are you in at school?” “Do you like your teacher?” etc. Even the sub-normals, sluggish children, could usually find a “Yes, sir,” in answer, and many of the “heavy” hosts would also quickly reach their limit of conversation with the forlorn bits of humanity at their side. But the wags of the merry-makers kept the ball tossing pretty well, much of the time far above the

heads of the children and often greatly puzzling the matron, who kept an anxious eye on her charges lest they disgrace her training in some unexpected way. But each little girl sat sedately and primly erect in her clean brown-checked dress (minus a bib, due to the great occasion) and the boys gave evidence of having swallowed a short but very unbending ramrod as they gave great attention to getting that delicious food down their throat without wasting a morsel of it on tablecloth or clean waist.

At the head of the table sat John Penman, the president of the leading bank in town; at his right sat a small, freckle-faced, gray-eyed nondescript lad of ten; at his left a brown-eyed, sober-faced little miss of eight. John Penman was one of the “real fellows” of the town. He could “deliver the goods,” in fact, had done so so successfully that he had reached affluence before middle age, owned one of the beautiful homes of the city, drove the best car, belonged to the expensive clubs, etc. His wife was one of the social leaders in the city. They had no children. They had a Boston bull, with a pedigree. John knew human nature pretty thoroughly—he even knew child nature, for he had very clear remembrances of the lively boyhood he had spent himself and he had been the leader of his “gang” always. He was a big man physically—broad-shouldered and tall.

There came a pause in the hilarity when John's little neighbor—Dick of the gray eyes and bleached hair, suddenly asked the big man a question, his clear boyish voice being heard to the end of the table.

“Mr. Penman, do you smoke?”

A smile gleamed from every man's face, for “Jack” was a notorious smoker, and they wondered how he would answer.

“Quite often. Why do you ask?”

“Because the woman who comes here on Sunday to teach our Sunday School said if we smoked we wouldn't ever be big men and perhaps we would not succeed in business.”

“Do you believe what she said?”

“Well, if I get as big as you are and can run a big bank I guess I won't care.”

“Well, Dick, it's this way—some people are not injured by smoking as much as others are, and it wouldn't injure anybody as much if they did not begin until they were grown.”

“Didn't you ever smoke when you were a boy?”

VISIONS of his sunburned legs scampering down the alley and ducking into a neighbor's barn one Saturday afternoon far in the past. The half-burned cigar still burned his fingers in memory as Jack Penman looked down into those keen, searching gray eyes.

“Yes, but I wish I hadn't.”

“Why?”

“Because I had to be a sneak to do it and I hate a sneak.”

This seemed to silence the lad for a time and the festivities proceeded.

Another moment of silence when the long-anticipated ice cream and cake had arrived.

Again Dick's clear voice could be heard to the end of the table although he was totally unconscious of another soul except this great man at his side.

“Did you ever get drunk?”

“Dick, you may leave the table,” exploded the exasperated matron, while every man at the table snatched his napkin to his mouth. For be it known during the preceding winter a very famous joke had been pulled at one of the clubs and some of the very staid and steady men of the city had suddenly electrified the



“—he had once been a boy”

company by most unusual and unexpected behavior. Jack Penman, especially, had made a most brilliant and persistent speech which would go down in history. It was a most infamous joke and the perpetrators never dared let it known.

John Penman said, "No, Mrs. Pearson, please excuse Dick this time," and he laid his hand on the boy's shoulder. Dicks' cheeks blazed in his confusion, but his keen inquiring eyes searched the faces of the men at the table and returned in troubled wonder to the kindly eyes looking down at his side.

"These men will all tell you that I am not a drinking man, Dick. Some other time we will talk more about that."

Just then some one proposed a "wishing game" and the man at the foot of the table was to start it. "Supposing we lived in Fairyland, and we could have two wishes, what would you wish for," was the question for each, big and little, to answer.

The usual list of childish desires came from the children who greatly enjoyed what the men "wished for." When it came to the little brown-eyed maiden at John Penman's right, she heaved a big sigh and with her eyes fixed on space she said, "Oh, I'd like a dress all my own—and—and a pair of shiny slippers with buckles."

When the opportunity came Jack learned from his little lady that children in the Home did not own their own clothes, but after laundry day they received from a big stack of No. 6's or No. 5's or No. 4's a dress that would suit their size. If it happened to be the one Mary wore last week or Jane stained with medicine the week before all the same. And little Brown-Eyes did wish she "could have a blue and white gingham dress with a patent leather belt like Charlotte Marie had at school yesterday."

THEN one Saturday afternoon John Penman called the matron at the Home and asked her if she could let Dick come down to the bank for the afternoon. It was closing time when Dick arrived with his face scrubbed to an onion surface and his hair still wetly pasted down to a carefully laid part over his left temple. He was alive from the top of his head to the wiggling toes inside of the carefully brushed shoes and those keen gray eyes were letting nothing escape.

"I'm going to the country, Dick, and I thought perhaps you would like to go along."

Only a "Yes, sir," but John did not need words to tell him that his proposition had galvanized Dick with joy.

Wise man that he was, John Penman did not use his high-priced automobile, but with a box under his arm he led

Dick to the street car two blocks away. After half an hour's ride they alighted and walked down a country road to a little farm house. Again John did not tell Dick this was one of his farms and the man and woman living there were his tenants.

"I know these people pretty well and they let me keep some of my things here," said John as he opened the gate and led the way in.

A few minutes later when he emerged clad in a khaki shirt and trousers, Dick's gray eyes took him in from head to boot-tip.

"How do you like me in these clothes, Dick?"

"All right," was Dick's brief reply, but adoration filled his eyes. Hunting boots! A shirt that wouldn't get dirty! And an old cap that meant good times!

Then they started, started on a momentous voyage of discovery—discovery of an embryo man for John—discovery of animals, birds, flowers, trees, innumerable things of nature for Dick. And oh the lunch! and the old knife of John's with the broken blade which he told Dick he could "just keep," and the long silences and the short discussions, for John Penman was past master at putting much in few words and he had once been a boy—"a rough-neck" for a few years and a red-blooded boy always, who loved the open, loved animals, knew the habits of the shy creatures and birds of the woods.

This was the beginning of twelve years of being a "good fellow" to one of the unfortunates of his city and he could honestly say he had got as much satisfaction from his oversight as he had given. No one knew much about the chain of events—they just quietly happened.

Dick was not doing very well in his studies when he reached the sixth grade. "What's the matter, Dick? Your principal says you are likely to fail."

"Mr. Penman, I can't do those problems in fractions and Miss Stevenson hurries us so and never explains things much and we begin something new before I can do the ones we have."

"Is arithmetic your only trouble?"

"Well, I don't make very high grades in grammar but none of the fellows do in our class. I get along all right with the rest of the work."

A brief hour with the teacher informed John Penman mightily. She was far more interested in the diamond on her left hand than the diamonds in the rough which she was told occupied the seats in her room.

Then Dick spent a few evenings at the Y. M. C. A. with a young man who could elucidate fractions. Past the danger point Dick landed safely in the seventh grade; then odd jobs began to fall his way whereby he could start a little account in Mr. Penman's bank.

No price was too great to pay for an excuse to show up at the bank and sometimes when the busy signal was not up he was taken into the private office of the president, where he reached an earthly heaven of happiness. For Mr. Penman always gave him something to do and treated him as a pal.

In the meantime little Elsie's heart had been filled to overflowing—first with the coveted blue gingham and patent leather shoes which once a week, she went to Mrs. Penman's house to put on and go forth a human being owning a dress of her own. After wearing the dress it was returned to the closet, where it hung until her return, for Elsie said "It would make the other girls feel bad if I wore it at the Home." Later it was replaced by a little white linen dress with blue cuffs and collar which brought pink to the child's cheeks as she excitedly clapped her hands when Mrs. Penman presented it. A year later a pleasant home was found for the child but always she considered it her greatest joy to go to the big house near the park and put on her gala dress. Very gradually new dresses, an occasional hat, parasol, purse was added and both John Penman and his wife had a sense of ownership at the eighth-grade commencement when a slender, brown-haired girl read her little essay with the modesty and unconscious charm of a natural child who belonged to her little group, at least so far as her clothes went. And who does not know that blessed feeling of being clothed aright?

John Penman decided that twelve years is a longer time looking ahead than looking back, as he sat in the big high-school auditorium and singled out one particular boy in whom he was interested. Dick had made the grade and was at last through the four years of high school—not a shining mark as a scholar but a "fine fellow" in the words of his instructors—straight-forward, honest, and without a yellow streak. From John Penman he had learned to hate a sneak and a favor sucker. "Don't do underhanded things and you won't have to explain them," "Earn what you get and usually you'll get what you earn," he had been told and he believed John Penman implicitly.

He was now looking toward college with his friend to show him how he could hope for it. Jobs came his way, wise advice opened the door ahead each time and Dick was able to earn his own way, too proud now to want to have some one do for him what he could do himself.

And the Rotary Club still continued in its custom of an annual dinner at the Home of the Friendless and a new crop of opportunities awaits the members each year.



# NEW ROTARY CLUBS

**WIMBLEDON, England.** Club No. 2073. Organized under the auspices of District No. 13. President: Sidney Maxwell; honorary secretary, Harold H. Coote.

**Sweetwater, Texas.** Club No. 2074. Special Representative: Bernard Bryant of Stamford; president, Joe H. Boothe; secretary, John A. McCurdy.

**Beaumont, California.** Club No. 2075. Special Representative: Archie M. Pratt of Redlands; president, Carl O. Harvey; secretary, Theodore G. DePeel.

**Hartford, North Carolina.** Club No. 2076. Special Representative: Will G. Galthier of Elizabeth City; president, Dr. George E. Newby; secretary, R. M. Riddick, Jr.

**Linden, New Jersey.** Club No. 2077. Special Representative: Adrian Murray of Elizabeth; president, Harold Dewey; secretary, Joseph L. Neubauer.

**Cresson, Pennsylvania.** Club No. 2078. Special Representative: M. J. Braken of Johnstown; president, Dr. Joseph L. Paul; secretary, George M. Lang.

**Moweaqua, Illinois.** Club No. 2079. Special Representative: Otto D. Hedrick of Assumption; president, C. E. Humphrey; secretary, S. S. Clapper.

**Liberty, Texas.** Club No. 2080. Special Representative: E. Claude Bracken of Beaumont; president, Clopton A. Miles; secretary, B. Frank Johnson.

**Columbus, Kansas.** Club No. 2081. Special Representative: Arthur Shafer of Pittsburg; president, Clyde O. Davidson; secretary, Fred Baldwin.

**Canisteo, New York.** Club No. 2082. Special Representative: Dr. George Mitchell of Hornell; president, Frederick V. Schnurle; secretary, Guy M. Reasor.

**Cedar City, Utah.** Club No. 2083. Special Representative: Arthur C. Wherry of Salt Lake City; president, Dr. M. J. Macfarlane; secretary, Aaron Y. Hardy.

**Conshohocken, Pennsylvania.** Club No. 2084. Special Representative: George H. Weidner of Jenkintown; president, Daniel S. Whiteman; secretary, Thomas H. Nelson.

**New Plymouth, New Zealand.** Club No. 2085. Organization work completed by Special Commissioner Hon. Geo. Fowlds. President: James Henry Quilliam; honorary secretary, Edward P. Webster.

**Laurinburg, North Carolina.** Club No. 2086. Special Representative: Will E. Hill of Fayetteville; president, Dr. Fairley P. James; secretary, C. Edward Beman.

**LaGrange, Kentucky.** Club No. 2087. Special Representative: J. Elliott Riddell of Louisville; president, John W. Selph; secretary, J. Sneed Yager.

**Turtle Creek, Pennsylvania.** Club No. 2088. Special Representative: Cliff J. Shafer of McKeesport; president, Lester R. Sprowls; secretary, Rev. Wm. T. Brundick.

**Tupelo, Mississippi.** Club No. 2089. Special Representative: Perrin Lowrey of New Albany; president, Rex F. Reed; secretary, W. Edgar Holcomb.

**Nebraska City, Nebraska.** Club No. 2090. Special Representative: Harvey C. Kendall of Lincoln; president, N. C. Abbott; secretary, William G. Utterback.

**Lucerne, Switzerland.** Club No. 2091. Organization work completed by Special Commissioner Fred Warren Teele. President: H. Reinhard; secretary, Fred Heller.

**Harbor Beach, Michigan.** Club No. 2092. Special Representative: O. C. Failing of Port Huron; president, Dr. Frederick W. Wastell; secretary, Carl R. Mizener.

**Clio, Michigan.** Club No. 2093. Special Representative: Fenton McCreery of Flint; president, Michael C. Doyle; secretary, William R. Pedlow.

**Glassport, Pennsylvania.** Club No. 2094. Special Representative: Alex Rankin of Mc-

**O**N December 11th, when this page went to press, charters had been issued for a total of 2174 Rotary clubs scattered throughout 32 countries. The difference between that total and the last charter number given here is, of course, partly due to the interval between the "deadline" for copy, and the actual date of publication. Also, it is sometimes impossible because of make-up, lack of space, or other factor, for us to show each month the complete list at the time of going to press.

**Keesport, Pennsylvania.** Club No. 2095. Special Representative: Edward Hodgson; secretary, John S. Hart.

**Fallon, Nevada.** Club No. 2095. Special Representative: John C. Durham of Reno; president, Andrew L. Haight; secretary, George E. McCracken.

**Stockport, England.** Club No. 2096. Organized under the auspices of District Council No. 5. President: Robert Hyde; honorary secretaries, A. Garner, Jr., G. A. Turner.

**San Luis Potosi, Mexico.** Club No. 2097. Organization work completed by District Governor Tom Sutton. President, Frank Dickinson; secretary, Francisco Sandoval Navarro.

**Milford, Delaware.** Club No. 2098. Special Representative: Ed P. Bardo of Wilmington; president, R. A. Derrickson; secretary, G. Marshall Townsend.

**Basle, Switzerland.** Club No. 2099. Organization work completed by Special Representative George Wettstein, member Rotary Club of Zurich; president, Robert Hibbert; secretary, Ernest Kuery.

**East Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.** Club No. 2100. Special Representative: Cliff J. Shafer of McKeesport; president, Walter J. Yenny; secretary, Russell L. Cale.

**Pinar Del Rio, Cuba.** Club No. 2101. Organized under the auspices of the Rotary Club of Matanzas, Cuba, and under the supervision of Past District Governor Julio Hernandez Miyares; president, Carlos M. de la Rionda; secretary, Andres Rodriguez Verano.

**Bay Saint Louis, Mississippi.** Club No. 2102. Special Representative: B. C. Bowen of Gulfport; president, Ernest J. Leonhard; secretary, Arthur A. Scafide.

**Caro, Michigan.** Club No. 2103. Special Representatives: James C. McCabe of Bay City and Shirley Stewart of Port Huron; president, Robert L. Dixon; secretary, Samuel R. Park.

**Bendigo, Australia.** Club No. 2104. Organized under the auspices of Honorary Special Commissioner W. A. Osborne; president, E. M. Vains; honorary secretary, Arthur H. Leggo.

**Bergenfield, New Jersey.** Club No. 2105. Special Representative: A. B. Wilson of Hackensack; president, Walter Wunder; secretary, Alfred Christie.

**Pretoria, South Africa.** Club No. 2106. Organization work completed by Honorary Special Commissioner R. W. Rusterholz; president, Henry W. Adams; honorary secretary, Norman Price.

**Moorhead, Mississippi.** Club No. 2107. Special Representative: Forrest G. Cooper of Indianola; president, Elbert E. Henry; secretary, J. Hays Jones.

**Whitewright, Texas.** Club No. 2108. Special Representative: Levis Hall of Sherman; president, Lloyd Moore; secretary, Fred W. Smith.

**Tunkhannock, Pennsylvania.** Club No. 2109. Special Representative: Thomas L. Williams of Pittston; president, W. A. Kittredge; secretary, Chase M. Herrick.

**Kensington, England.** Club No. 2110. Organized under the auspices of District Council No. 13; president, Thomas Short; honorary secretary, S. Gordon Grimes.

**Newark, England.** Club No. 2111. Organized under the auspices of District Council No. 7; president, W. K. Clarke; honorary secretary, D. M. Start.

**Tavistock, England.** Club No. 2112. Organized under the auspices of District Council No.

10; president, W. B. Alger; honorary secretary, F. Gordon Grigsby.

**Bergamo, Italy.** Club No. 2113. Organization work completed by Past District Governor Henderson; president, Paolo Bonomi; secretary, Carillo Pesenti Pigna.

**Owenton, Kentucky.** Club No. 2114. Special Representative: J. W. Ireland of Frankfort; president, Rev.

Benton B. Miller; secretary, C. L. Vallandingham.

**Athol, Massachusetts.** Club No. 2115. Special Representative: Fred D. Lesure of Fitchburg; president, A. Abott Laughton; secretary, Alexander P. Johnston.

**Durango, Mexico.** Club No. 2116. Organization work completed by District Governor Tom Sutton; president, Alberto Ransom; secretary, Guillermo Verduco.

**St. Gall, Switzerland.** Club No. 2117. Organization work completed by special Representative Hugo E. Prager; president, Oscar Schuster; secretary, August Steinmann.

**Sebring, Ohio.** Club No. 2118. Special Representative: W. E. Trump of Alliance; president, John M. Horton; secretary, Charles A. Kelly.

**Florence, Italy.** Club No. 2119. Organization work completed by Past District Governor Henderson; president, Pietro Ginori Conti; secretary, Guido Gaya.

**Kenova, West Virginia.** Club No. 2120. Special Representative: Howard S. Johnson of Point Pleasant; president, Harry T. Breece; secretary, George D. Luther.

**Millersburg, Kentucky.** Club No. 2121. Special Representative: Ike W. Bush of Paris; president, Walton R. Nelson; secretary, Richard S. McDaniel.

**Lawrenceburg, Kentucky.** Club No. 2122. Special Representative: Dr. John P. Stewart of Frankfort; president, Thomas J. Ballard; secretary, Robert E. Johnson.

**Wilmerding, Pennsylvania.** Club No. 2123. Special Representative: Cliff J. Shafer of McKeesport; president, Dr. Frank R. Masters; secretary, James A. Ralston.

**Graham, Texas.** Club No. 2124. Special Representative: Sam Ross McElreath of Fort Worth; president, Dr. Howard E. Griffin; secretary, Frank A. Forbes.

**Louisville, Ohio.** Club No. 2125. Special Representative: Joe Markley of Canton; president, Frank E. Clapper; secretary, Dr. Marion E. Myers.

**Perkasie, Pennsylvania.** Club No. 2126. Special Representative: William A. Derstine of Quakertown; president, Wilson L. Yeakel; secretary, Fred O. Young.

**Newcomerstown, Ohio.** Club No. 2127. Special Representative: Brooklyn Bridge of Dennison; president, J. Sheridan Barnett; secretary, John C. Ross.

**Slatington, Pennsylvania.** Club No. 2128. Special Representative: Harry Sollenberger of Allentown; president, Alfred S. Morgan; secretary, Peter N. Snyder.

**Whangarei, New Zealand.** Club No. 2129. Organization work completed by Honorary Special Commissioner Geo. Fowlds; president, Donald A. McLean; honorary secretary, Edward P. Ramsey.

**Ciego De Avila, Cuba.** Club No. 2130. Organization work started by Past District Governor Miyares and completed by District Governor Julio H. Smith; president, Rafael Flores Delmonte; secretary, Joaquin Meso Quesada.

**Post, Texas.** Club No. 2131. Special Representative: W. S. Posey of Lubbock; president, T. R. Greenfield; secretary, L. Z. Manire.

**Grandview, Washington.** Club No. 2132. Special Representative: Dr. Holland E. Wight of Yakima; president, Harry F. Ehmer; secretary, J. Lester Purdue.



# In a Live Town

By TRUBEE DAVISON

**M**R. GEORGE PEDDIE, from the hammock on his side porch, gazed placidly across his trim half acre. In the gathering twilight it almost seemed to take on the proportions of a great estate. Across the street a lawn sprinkler hissed softly and insistently. A few doors away a lawn mower was chattering, and he could dimly see in the next yard a shirt-sleeved figure raking a garden.

With some satisfaction Mr. Peddie mused on the coincidence that sprinkler, lawn mower, and rake had all come from his hardware store. His good neighbors were also his good customers; business was fairly brisk this season. The motto on Mr. Peddie's letterhead was "A live store in a live town." He had thought that next time he had letterheads printed he would add a second line reading "A friendly store in a friendly town." That was how he usually felt about his work and his home, and tonight, under the balmy influence of summer, the sentiment was particularly strong.

His wife came out and settled down beside him, recounting with a chuckle what the baby had just said during the huge nightly adventure of being put to bed.

"Where's Ralph?" he asked.

"He went down street," she replied. "I hope he'll keep his promise to be back by dark."

"Now, mother," said Mr. Peddie, "you got to remember that Ralph's thirteen years old. He can take care of himself."

"I suppose so," she sighed. "But with the way these automobiles race around, now that the road has been fixed—"

"He's got eyes, hasn't he?" said Mr. Peddie, not unkindly. "One thing I always say is this is a good safe town for the kids. Now when I was in Chicago—"

Mrs. Peddie sat meekly silent. Since her husband's return from the annual hardware convention she had become well accustomed to lengthy discourses which began "When I was in Chicago." Tonight the theme was the terrible traffic conditions he had seen there, how boys and girls played about under the very fenders of speeding cars, and the superior advantages for bringing up a family in their own city of 20,000, where everyone had a big yard and the shaded streets were wide and uncongested. "I tell you," said Mr. Peddie,

"we were wise to settle down in a live, friendly town like this."

Within the house the telephone rang with a live and friendly whirr. Mr. Peddie went in to answer it.

"Hello, George," it said, "this is Fred Brown. I was just starting down to that meeting at the City Hall. Wondered if you wanted to ride along with me."

"What meeting?"

"Recreation committee," said Brown. "We've worked out a scheme that we're ready to put up. Want to get a good turnout."

"Oh, that uplift stuff," said Mr. Peddie. "No, I'm not interested. Just a lot of talk."

"It's more than talk, George. There's a definite proposition now to buy the Tenth Street property for a playground and athletic field."

"Yes, and boost our taxes another notch."

"I suppose it will mean a little more taxes at first," agreed Mr. Brown. "But as a business man you know that it isn't what you spend on a thing that counts; it's what you get out of it. We figure this playground will be an investment for the city."

"Now, Fred," retorted Mr. Peddie, "I certainly know the difference between investment and extravagance. We don't have to have all this playground and community-center business like big cities do. Just tonight I was saying to my wife that when I was in Chicago—"

On the porch his wife might have been heard to sigh, and at the other end of the telephone Fred Brown might have been heard to sigh, if it had not been that Mr. Peddie was launched again into his oration upon the dangers of life in a great city.



He came to the end of it at last and said, "No, I don't see any sense in your meeting. I'm not going, and I don't believe it will come to anything anyhow."

He hung up the receiver and returned to the porch in less genial mood. Meanwhile darkness had fallen, and young Ralph having dutifully returned, Mrs. Peddie had gone upstairs to superintend the essential business of washing behind the ears and above the wrists.

**L**EFT alone to congratulate himself upon the firmness with which he had spoken his mind to Brown, Mr. Peddie gradually became conscious that the darkness was deeper than usual. The rays of yellow light which usually streamed through the vines were not there. He got up and peered. The street light which hung at the middle of the block was out again. Save for the lamps which burned in the houses, the neighborhood was in darkness.

His mellowness was quite gone now. It was time something was done about that light. This was the third or fourth time in a month that it had been out. That bunch down at the City Hall were so busy worrying about playgrounds and other frills that they had no time to tend to a simple thing like keeping the streets lighted.

He stalked back to the telephone and called up Bill Grant, the chief of police.

"Say, Bill, I want to make a complaint about the street light near my home. It's out. In fact, it's out most of the time."

"Ye-ah, I know it," answered the chief. "So's a lot of others."

"Well, why isn't something done about it?" demanded Mr. Peddie sharply. "Who's supposed to attend to such things anyhow?"

"Now I ain't got nothing to do with it," said the chief amiably, "but I know what's the matter. As fast as new lights are put in, the boys smash 'em with slingshots or rocks or baseballs."

The explanation did not satisfy Mr. Peddie. "Well, that's up to you, isn't it? It may not be your job to put in new lights, but you ought to keep them from being broken. If boys are breaking them your men ought to catch the young—the young vandals."

"Ye-ah, that's easy to say, but it's not so easy to do," replied the chief. "We've only got so many cops, you

now. Anyhow the kids get into mischief because they ain't got anything more interesting to do. There's a meeting going on right now here in the City Hall, trying to get up a scheme for a playground—"

"Oh, I know all about that," snorted Mr. Peddie. "This city don't need a playground. What we need is a live police department to enforce the law. I suggest that you keep one of your cops up here on our street until he catches the boys that are smashing these lights. When a couple of them have been punished for it, we'll have less trouble."

After which Mr. Peddie hung up and went to bed, not entirely calm, but feeling that twice during the evening he had played the part of a good citizen, vigilant both in crying down extravagance and in detecting vandalism. He was rather proud of that word vandal.

## II.

A few evenings later Mr. Peddie sat quietly reading a magazine article on the European situation. The house was peaceful. The baby was asleep, Ralph was out playing, Mrs. Peddie was puz-

zling over a pattern. Mr. Peddie could give his uninterrupted attention to conditions in the Balkans. Europe interested him deeply. For some time he had felt that, with his clear grasp of the problems which beset that uneasy continent, he could set matters to rights if only he were given the chance.

The telephone rang. He kept his eyes on his magazine, thinking his wife might respond. Evidently she was thinking the same thing about him, and the bell rang again. He threw down the magazine, went into the hall and jerked the receiver from the hook.

"Yes," he said with that rising inflection which suggests injury.

"This is Chief Grant, at the police station," drawled a voice. "Thought you might be interested to know we got one of the boys that's been busting your street lights."

"Now you're doing something," exclaimed Mr. Peddie rather ungraciously.

"Ye-ah," continued the chief, "caught him red handed. I got him down here now and he's confessed to doing some other mischief too. Now, you've been sort of interested in this thing, and I was wondering what your idea was

about what we ought to do in a case like this."

"Do!" cried Mr. Peddie. And then with that keen wit which no one appreciated better than Mr. Peddie himself, he asked, "What were you thinking of doing—buying him an ice-cream cone? There's only one thing to do. Lock him up over night and get the foolishness out of him, and tomorrow take him to court and make an example of him."

"I didn't want to be hard on the kid," remonstrated the Chief. "Y'see, he didn't mean any real harm."

"Bah!" exclaimed the exasperated Mr. Peddie. "Make an example of the young vandal."

"Well, maybe you're right," agreed the Chief meekly. "I'll lock him up. Maybe the reform school would do him good. And say, one thing, Mr. Peddie, will you do me a favor? Let his mother know he won't be home tonight, will you?"

"Me!" replied Mr. Peddie. "Why pick on me to run errands?"

"Well, never mind," responded the Chief, "but long as you were right

(Continued on page 44)

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## Why Men Have No Fashions

(Continued from page 21)

it. Not one man in ninety-nine would notice that he had on a new hat. But Woman notices, and asks how much he paid, and observes that it is an exact replica of the hat he discarded, made from the same identical mold. Man suddenly got to thinking about hats, remembered that he hadn't bought a new one in several years, stepped into the nearest hat store, let a salesman put a new hat on him, turn him around once before the mirror, paste his initials in the crown, give him change for five dollars, and ask him to call again in three years or so. When Woman realizes that Man purchases a hat in five minutes, for three years' wear, and nine times in ten successfully in the matter of becomingness, and that she spends a whole afternoon and forty-nine dollars for a hat which isn't a success—when she learns that practically everything Man wears is as staunchly standardized—why blame her for feeling murderous!

Third, the thing Man wears are influenced by London, but so gradually, on such a long curve, that you can watch it, and see it happen, and then wonder if you really saw anything. Paris turns Woman's fashions upside down in a day. London is running true to form if it modifies Man's trouser cuffs or lapels in five years. Paris is fashion. London is evolution.

**H**OW well I remember my first visit to London, before the war!

The commissionaire at the old Empire thought me one of the most amusing Americans he had ever talked with when I asked him whether it was necessary to wear evening clothes to get into the show! Up to that time, I had never owned an evening suit, democratically resisting the propaganda then going on which eventually made every man west of Pittsburgh afraid to come to New York on his first visit without soup-and-fish. London scared me in the same way—I surrendered.

In London, that summer, the Englishman looked funny to the Yankee, and the Yankee looked just as funny to the Britisher. For it was our day of padded shoulders and ample cuts in coats and trousers, while the Londoner was wearing clothes that looked as though they had been shrunk onto him, or his tailor had been short of fabric.

In those happy days, it was possible to have a suit skillfully tailored in New York for fifty or sixty dollars by the tailor who now charges you a hundred and twenty-five. In London, you could actually have a suit tailored for less

than twenty! Not only that, but almost over night. Three days after I landed, I was wearing a "bespoke" suit, made to measure in Theobald's Road, ready to wear in forty-eight hours, for seventeen-fifty. It was honest woolen, too, but tight like the Londoner's—so much like his that among my wide-shouldered countrymen I passed for a Londoner as long as I kept my mouth closed.

It was a grand success, that suit, until I wore it home, and then people who knew me began to worry.

"What makes you look so thin?" they asked, anxiously, fascinated by the narrow, unpadded shoulders. "Have you been sick? Oh, in London! Well, I guess that's a purty unhealthy climate over there."

On the boat, going over, was a man from Omaha. Really, a dressy man from Omaha, a big broad-shouldered chap who, though still short of fifty, had retired with plenty of money, and was specializing in travel and clothes. His Omaha tailor had done pretty well by him, but when he reached London it was clear that his whole sartorial scheme needed revision.

The first thing that struck him was—prices. For the price of one suit in Omaha, he could get three tailored suits in Theobald's Road. He began by having a couple of business suits made, then an overcoat or two, and a morning suit, and an evening suit.

"Feel that cloth!" he would say when you ran across him around Picadilly. "Look at that fit! Look at the lining! Two days—and only nineteen dollars!" Clothes became his sport and then his specialty. He liked big checks and pronounced colors. His London tailor didn't have them—those were made for the American trade, sir. He explained the mysterious jungles of jobbing, indenting, exporting. He discovered patterns bound for his own tailor in Omaha, and seized them in transit to be made up in still more suits. When we came home on the same ship he had four big trunks full of London-made clothes, and by one of the little political conveniences of the day, passed them all through the customs house duty free by courtesy of his Congressman.

Several months later I saw him again, and he laughed loud and long when I asked about his London clothes.

"Never wore a single suit when I got them home!" he admitted. "Everybody laughed at the London suit I had on when we got to Omaha—gave them all

away to the gardener and the iceman!" He was a big fellow, two of me, but London made his friends worry about his health just the same!

"Laugh if you want to and call me a fool and a liar," said a friend in the clothing business when I made a funny story of my London suit. "They've had broad padded shoulders here for nearly ten years, and so far I've seen no signs of a change. But if they're wearing shoulders narrow and tight in London, mark my words within five years you'll be wearing them here."

And he was right. We were wearing them in three years.

Another amusing incident of that trip was what happened to my London friend Teddy:

**T**EDDY had the British sales agency for certain goods made in Pittsburgh. He had done so well that his "principals" in Pittsburgh were paying his expenses to the home office for a conference. He was to sail a few weeks after me. Teddy had never been to America. He was eager to come, and meant to bring his wife, and they would see Niagara Falls together. It's always Niagara Falls the Britisher wants to see first in America, and after that he probably can't think of anything else he'd like to see.

Several weeks later a depressed Teddy turned up, on his way home—and no wife.

"I realize now that I've made a silly ass of myself," he confessed. "You see, coming to America for the first time, we thought if I brought Eileen, my principals would feel bound to receive us socially. 'Comes to America the first time, eh! And brings his wife, so we must receive him! Nothing so slow about these Britishers.'"

"Why, those Pittsburghers haven't anything socially worth keeping you out of," I laughed. "Eileen would put their social stock up a few points."

"I know it now!" said Teddy, gloomily. "And Eileen has missed Niagara Falls."

The big thing that happened in Pittsburgh was Teddy's green hat.

King Edward had lately sprung the Hamburg lid on his loyal subjects, and it was all over London that fall, but still to reach New York. Teddy arrived wearing one, and his Pittsburgh principals thought him the funniest thing they had ever seen. They took him to ball games, to the circus, to shows, and Teddy always had to have the best front seat so the populace could enjoy



his green hat to the utmost. Conferences were called to exhibit the green hat, and leading Pittsburghers invited to meet it—and incidentally Teddy—at the club after business.

WITHIN three years, all Pittsburgh was going around in its own Hamburg hat, and that, if you get what I mean, is London fashion as it affects men's clothes in this country.

Or rather, it's Man fashion!

On that trip to London, I unearthed the secret of the London fashion plate, and with it a paradox that delighted G. K. Chesterton: That London has no fashions, and America copies them.

In those days, and I suppose now, every American tailor had hanging in his shop a lithographed picture entitled "Fall and Winter Fashions from London." Conscientiously, he tried to cut the clothes that way. This lithograph was made in London. London wondered why so many copies came to America. When I told the printer that it was used as a guide to what London was wearing, he was astonished.

"But—I say, you know—they don't really try to make the bloomin' clothes? What a rotten shame! Why, here, every tailor hangs up the lithograph, but he wouldn't dream of making the clothes—he hangs it up and makes the same old things!"

The present Prince of Wales, like his grandfather, has succeeded in giving Man a certain interest in novelties from time to time.

But he cannot change Man, because Man, in this matter of fashions, is like the California sequoia tree. Woman is a flowering shrub, blooming in gorgeous effects for a day. Man sartorially is the growth rings of those immemorially old trees, which have endured two and three thousand years. Upon the rings of the sequoia it is possible to count back and tell what sort of weather prevailed in California the year the Declaration of Independence was signed, the year Columbus discovered the Western World, the year Christ was born. Here and there, scientists mark a set of rings that record unusual rain or drought for a few years, and these might be compared to Man's momentary folly with padded shoulders or a green hat. But through the centuries the rings tell a story of patient, even growth, and that is the clothes history of Man, the eternal conservative. Woman is the radical, the Bolshevik—she wants to be different from every other woman, and is forever on the lookout for what is different. Man clings to what he knows, and is afraid to look unlike other men—he is the sartorial Old Guard.



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(Continued from page 41)

there I thought maybe you would. You see, it's your boy."

For an instant Mr. Peddie was silent. Then as he regained his senses, he gasped, "Hey, what did you say?"

"I said," and the Chief's voice had lost its apologetic tone, "it's your own boy. We got him right in the act and he owns up to it. How about it?"

Low and earnest, Mr. Peddie's voice went back over the wire. "Say, listen, Chief. Wait a few minutes. I'll be right down."

### III.

On an afternoon the next week, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Brown dropped in at Mr. Peddie's store to spend \$8.50 for pots and pans. This was rather handsome of Fred, thought Mr. Peddie, considering the asperity of their conversation about the playground. Fred did not bring up the subject, but Mrs. Brown, who may or may not have been in her husband's confidence, said as she took her change:

"I hope you and Mrs. Peddie are com-

ing to the recreation meeting tonight at the City Hall."

"Now, Amy," said Fred, "George is a business man. He gets tired here in the store all day, and besides that he doesn't believe in playgrounds."

"Shut up, Fred," said Mr. Peddie, grinning sheepishly. "I bet I know more about that meeting than you do. Chief Grant and I've been talking it over. We decided that the thing to do was to get some expert advice. So we've got a speaker coming—an expert who will go into this matter thoroughly from all angles. There's some things about this recreation business that have to be explained."

"You're right," said Fred. "People don't understand it."

"Yep," went on Mr. Peddie, "you've got to sell the idea—use salesmanship—make them see that a good well-balanced plan of recreation isn't a fad but a business investment."

"Well, George," said Brown, as he followed his wife out of the store, "I

always said you were a good business man."

Before the meeting opened that evening Mr. Peddie arrived accompanied not only by his wife but by two of his neighbors and their wives. They all sat in the front row and nodded vigorously while the speaker outlined a plan for a recreation program which the municipal government and all the private organizations in the city might support. When Fred Brown moved that the speaker be asked to remain for another day to develop the plan further, Mr. Peddie was first on his feet to second the motion. He delivered an earnest little speech about the obligation of the community to its young people, winding up with a really striking slogan about "A live town for live boys, a friendly town for friendly people."

When he sat down Mrs. Peddie reached over, patted his hand and whispered, "George, I'll warrant you didn't hear any better speech than that when you were at the convention in Chicago."

## Rotary Club Activities

(Continued from page 36)

others who have been studying the situation at the farm for weeks had not been able to get facts justifying a complaint until they got hold of this boy. From the report given by a local paper the trouble seems to be the same old system of fines and allowances which sociologists have been fighting elsewhere, plus unusually brutal treatment in which a 200-lb. whipping boss figures largely.

The Rotarians and the mayor both felt that immediate action was imperative and a Rotary committee was sent out to the farm with instructions to pay the fines of the boys and bring the prisoners back—or not to come back at all. The committee returned with nine boys and men and it is hoped that this action will mean the end of this sort of peonage so far as Arkansas County, and probably the whole State is concerned.

### Adjacent Clubs Work For Better Community Spirit

WILMERDING, PA.—In the Westinghouse Valley just beyond the Pittsburgh city line are three industrial cities so closely packed together that it is hard to tell where one ends and another starts. Recently three Rotary clubs were organized in these towns of East Pittsburgh, Turtle Creek, and Wilmerding. By way of debut the club staged a father-and-son dinner which was attended by 672 fathers and sons, who heard music by the Westing-

house Air Brake Company band, followed the song leading of Will Rhodes, and heard an address by Chancellor Bowman of the University of Pittsburgh. But the clubs did more than furnish these and other equally good features, they did more than foot whatever bills were not covered by the \$1 tickets. For these three towns have been united in form rather than in spirit, and this community effort has done something to bring about a better state of affairs.

### Provide Swimming Instruction For Town Boys

BOZEMAN, MONTANA.—For the second year the local Rotary club is sponsoring swimming and first-aid instruction for the boys of the city. Montana State College has a fine swimming pool and through the co-operation of Rotarians on the faculty this pool is turned over twice a week to boys under fourteen. Two Rotarians attend each class and report to the club.

In other ways the Bozeman club is keeping in touch with the schools and the community in general. Seniors of the college have been entertained on two occasions, high-school boys are frequently invited, and various musical organizations of the schools furnish entertainment at club luncheons. Soon after school opens in the fall the Rotarians give a picnic for teachers of the city and county schools.

On other community projects the

Rotarians hold joint meetings with Kiwanis and the Chamber of Commerce with good results.

### All-Hallows Parade Brings Many Entries

WOODSTOCK, ONT.—Through the streets of Woodstock flitted a weird parade. South Sea cannibals mopped and bowed at gentlemen in Colonial dress, soldiers, gypsies, witches, hobgoblins, scarecrows, butterflies, Pierrots, husky ladies, Siamese twins and a red-garbed devil paraded before the crowds that tried in vain to identify many of the four hundred masquers. When it came to awarding prizes the Rotarian judges went at it without fear or favour, listed the entrants according to costume and made no bones of the fact that Madame Butterfly might need a shave next morning. Refreshed by this impartiality the glowing pumpkin led his cohorts into the streets where Woodstock celebrated Hallowe'en till an early hour.

### "Great, Large Fellows With Beautiful Voices"

YORK, NEBRASKA.—There is a plaintive note in the singing of York Rotary these days—a hint of regret for something that might have been, an overtone of determination which indicates that it might yet be. For Jim Parks, composer, and member of York Rotary has returned from a long tour of the United States. And Jim says that in his opinion the best singing

club is at Salt Lake City where there are "great large fellows with beautiful voices—and they all sing."

### Not a "Select Group" But One Selected

ANACONDA, MONT.—Into the meeting of the local Rotary club came a flock of boys who scanned the tables with appraising eyes. There was at least one boy for every Rotarian—and some left over. They were not sons of Rotarians, however, but just boys. They were not a "select group" but rather a group selected—because they might benefit by such a meeting. To these youthful visitors, Anaconda Rotary offered no platitudes but such wisdom as might be contained in a talk on "The Human Body: Its Care and Expression" by a college coach; and "A Challenge to American Boyhood" by a prominent Rotarian. The boys recognized many of their own ideas and ideals.

### Norwegian Club Helps Boys To Make the Most of Summer

STAVANGER, NORWAY.—Thirty boys were given a holiday in the country through the efforts of Stavanger Rotarians. One business man placed his summer cottage at the club's disposal for this purpose, and others contributed the necessary cash and supplies. Such a vacation means more in this than in other Norwegian cities, for Stavanger has more rain than snow through the long winter, and summer sports are essential to furnish vitality for the strain of winter. The boys were under the supervision of a physical instructor and were visited by the boy's work committee and other Rotarians. All of the youngsters gained weight during their visit and returned to Stavanger much pleased with their vacation.

### Another Attendance Record? Or Can You Match It?

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—The local Rotary club comes forth with the challenge that at a recent inter-city dinner held, a new record was established for both number of Rotarians present and number of clubs represented. This record is of course, not meant to compete with those for district conferences and the like. Allen D. Albert, past international president, was the chief speaker and the music was furnished by scholarship students from the Eastman School of Opera. Forty-four clubs in both the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth Rotary districts were represented by delegations ranging from four to 117, the latter number coming from Buffalo. Five Canadian clubs were represented including that at St. Catharines with 26 per cent of the membership. Nine hundred and ten

Rotarians attended the dinner in the Powers Hotel and six past or present district governors were present. Special parking facilities were provided and the larger delegations were met at the stations by Rochester Rotarians and the Park Band.

### Leads Class B Clubs In Attendance

STOCKTON, CAL.—The Rotary club of Stockton has headed the attendance list of Class B clubs for every month but one from the beginning of 1924 through October, 1925. During that period the club's average was 92.61. For attendance promotion the club is divided into six groups each with a chairman and vice-chairman. Immediately after luncheon the cards signed by the members are checked and the group chairmen are advised of any absentees. Those who missed are urged to make it up, the clubs usually visited for this purpose being Lodi, 14 miles distant; Modesto, 30 miles; or Pittsburg, 43 miles. When Stockton members go on a long trip the secretary furnishes them with the dates of meetings in towns on their itinerary and this practice is partially followed for members visiting other lands. The first three meetings of November were 100 per cent. The club has 150 members; Stockton's population is 55,000.

### Club Holds 45 Consecutive Hundred Per Cent Meetings

REDONDO BEACH, CALIFORNIA.—In February, 1925, a charter was issued to the Rotary club of this town and the eighteen members started assimilating Rotary. There are now twenty-five members and a waiting list, but from its organization to the latter part of November the club has had one continuous string of 100 per cent meetings.

Another feature of the club's activities is the plan whereby each member in turn serves as chairman and has a chance to work out his own ideas. Then the club has shown its interest in the schools by honoring the president of the high-school students and inviting one of the seniors as a guest each week.

### Redeem Pledge Made Chamber of Commerce

EL DORADO, KANSAS.—At a recent meeting local Rotarians learned that a membership drive for the Chamber of Commerce was to be launched very shortly. The club voted to be responsible for 100 members. After the drive the Chamber of Commerce secretary announced that every Rotarian was a member of the Chamber, that there were 25 plural memberships, and that in addition the teams captained by Rotarians had brought in 64 new members.

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### Street Boys Spend Four Days in Summer Camp

SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO.—For two years local Rotarians have been interesting themselves in the street Arabs of their city; the newsboys, bootblacks, and other itinerant working boys. During the summer a boys' camp was established in the mountains nearby, and twenty-four of these boys were sent there for four days. Equipment was furnished by the Y. M. C. A., the National Guard, the Boy Scouts, the Elks, and the Rotarians. Despite their somewhat reckless independence the boys conducted themselves very well and the camp will probably be held again later on.

Strange as it may sound, the boys found the nights cold in their Porto Rican summer camp. In the morning every tent would be sealed tight, and every last occupant completely swathed in his blanket—head and all. When the camp director told them stories of

skiing in New York State, with the thermometer around zero—and the chance of frostbitten fingers, the boys drew closer to the camp fire and shivered at the idea. But one of their pet superstitions seems to be rather widespread—they think the moon has a malign influence and try to avoid its rays.

### Sponsor Husking Bee Where Tall Corn Grows

FORT DODGE, IA.—The local Rotary club recently sponsored a corn-husking contest which was attended by some five hundred farmers and townspeople. Ten of the best corn-huskers in the county gave an exhibition lasting eighty minutes. At times the huskers were doing better than one ear a second. The Rotarians offered cash prizes of \$50, \$25, \$15 and \$10 for the successful competitors and Rotarians assisted as gleaners, weighers, etc. The contestants and several other farmers

were entertained at the next club luncheon after the contest, when a special program was given, and the cash prizes were awarded. Both farmers and city folk hope to see the contest repeated next year.

### Bid Farewell to Weather Man Who Could Always See Sunshine

BALTIMORE, MD.—The Baltimore Rotarians set aside December first as "Jim Spencer" day and took that opportunity to express their regard for their club poet who is leaving to take up a new post in Buffalo. Mrs. Spencer was presented with some beautiful roses, and Jean, the young daughter of the meteorologist, is displaying her new fountain pen with pardonable pride. Jim has been State Meteorologist for more than five years, and though his friends celebrated his promotion with a dinner they will miss the genial author of "The Sunny Side of Life."

## Four Up!

(Continued from page 17)

be rather pleasant, he admitted, to toddle round and watch prospective father-in-law lock horns with prospective son. Also, it had all stimulated his interest in McBride.

"Why not have a try at it yourself," he suggested, pleasantly.

A choleric color suffused his hearer's face. "What do you mean?" he demanded with heat.

"You would like to see it done, and I judge from your remarks that it might influence your daughter's feeling toward this—I believe you said, horse leech. Wouldn't it be pleasant to do it yourself?"

"Are you attempting to be humorous?"

"I took it," Hastings retorted, "that this was a sad topic, where any spirit of levity would not be in the best of taste. My suggestion is quite serious. Also, I would be glad to do anything I could to help."

"Do you know that once, years ago, I played this course in ninety flat, and that I've been trying ever since to do it again?"

"That's probably your trouble. It gets you thinking where your ball is likely to go, not where it ought to. Why not give up trying to beat yourself, and try to beat him?"

"Do you realize that, that—" Carpenter searched for a suitable epithet, without success, "—that he plays consistently around eighty?"

"Just as many games go bad, as go good," Hastings retorted, sagely. "It's worth a try, anyway. Challenge him

to a game and bet him ten dollars on it. That will supply interest for him, and he may take you."

Carpenter laughed, hollowly. "If I offered twenty tens for twenty games, he'd turn octopus, and grab them all." He turned on Hastings with sudden suspicion. "And what will you do?" he demanded.

Hastings waved his arms in a generous gesture. "I'll caddy for you," he said. "There's more in this caddying than perhaps you realize."

"And about the ten dollars?"

"You'll lose it," Hastings retorted with smiling confidence.

"I hope that I don't appear parsimonious," Carpenter retorted. "It may be that I don't take a lofty enough view of this matter, or that my sense of humor is not as acute as yours; but would you explain just what pleasure I am going to get from losing that ten dollars?"

"Having lost it," Hastings explained, with admirable patience, "we will not sit placidly by, watching it go without a regret. We'll go after it and get it back." As he outlined the program it seemed to him as one full of incidents and interests.

"And lose another?" It was very manifestly evident that Carpenter did not share his enthusiasm.

"Probably."

"It doesn't make any sense to me," Carpenter complained wearily.

The appearance of Henry Morrison only increased his bitterness. "This

young friend of yours," he snorted, "is suggesting that I play McBride, and bet him ten dollars on the game."

"If Bob suggested it, he must have a good reason." Morrison beamed on them both.

"Perhaps I didn't make myself clear," Carpenter retorted stiffly. "I'm supposed to be betting on myself. That removes the good reason, I should think."

"If Bob suggested it," Morrison maintained his position stoutly, "it's all right. I know Bob. Knew his father before him. Clever fellow, Bob's father."

"I doubt if it was inherited," Carpenter retorted, morosely.

A fresh young figure, in an attractive sports suit, came dancing along the verandah. "Is that you, Dad?" she called.

Hastings looked up with interest. His eyes took in, with approval, the easy grace of that short-skirted young figure, and the delicately flushed face framed by a broad-brimmed hat.

She stopped, suddenly, as she saw the stranger, and half turned to retreat.

Hastings rose, pleasantly expectant. She saw it, changed her mind about retreating, and came forward with a gay little laugh on her lips.

From what he had heard of McBride, Hastings had come to think that the girl who would take to him must be something of a nutmeg. He made a hurried readjustment of his earlier judgment,

setting it down, generously, as the mis-  
guided exuberance of youth.

"My daughter, Betty." There was  
something almost grudging in Carpen-  
ter's voice. "Mr.—"

"Hastings, Bob Hastings." He sup-  
plied the necessary information gladly.

Betty Carpenter surveyed his mus-  
cular young figure with an appreciative  
glance. "You'll have to play a round  
with me sometime," she said. "Poor  
old Ted is feeling rather low." She  
laughed a little, but there was some-  
thing not quite spontaneous in it. "It  
must be dull just playing around with  
me," she concluded with an effort at  
fairness.

"I'm sure it must be a pleasure,"  
Morrison bowed gallantly.

"Stodgily put," Hastings reflected,  
"but the heart is right."

"You play of course, Mr. Hastings?"

"Used to, a little," he replied, "but  
I've given it up." He wavered for a  
moment in his decision.

"Not for good?"

Hastings seized the words with en-  
thusiasm. "No, not for good. I'll try  
it again sometime."

"Your father," Morrison interposed,  
is going to challenge McBride to a  
game."

"Your father," Hastings added, "has  
ten golden dollars that have an impres-  
sion, whether mistaken or not, we can-  
not say, that he can beat Mr. McBride."

The girl's rippling laugh broke out,  
fresh and vibrant.

"Like the tinkle of silver bells,"  
thought young Mr. Hastings, with a  
suddenly acquired poetic fancy.

It awoke no poetic thoughts in her  
father's breast. There was a steely  
glitter in his eyes. "Just for that," he  
announced in surly decision, "I'll do it."

"But dad——" the silvery voice be-  
gan.

But Ira Carpenter was already out  
of hearing, on his way to the locker-  
room.

A few moments later they saw his  
sturdy form returning.

"If there had been a knot in his  
towel," he snarled, "I would have  
brained him with it. The fellow actu-  
ally laughed."

"But he accepted?" Hastings in-  
quired, earnestly.

"Wednesday," Carpenter snapped.  
"And as for you, young fellow, you're  
going to follow around with me, and  
carry my bag and it's going to weigh  
like a coal truck; and hunt for my lost  
balls, and I warn you that I'm a devil  
of a fellow with the rough. And if you  
think you are going to get a laugh out  
of it you'd better take it now while I'm  
feeling good humored."

"And you, young lady," he turned on  
his daughter stormily, "if I lose that



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ten, I'm thinking that you will be ten dollars' short in your allowance."

Wednesday dawned, one of those flawless days that a beneficent Providence has wisely provided for golf.

But Ira Carpenter stood on the first tee with none of the sunshine of the day in his face. Beside him was young Mr. Hastings in immaculate flannels, while leaning against the tee box, McBride talked to Betty Carpenter, and surveyed the scene with an indolent amusement.

"Smack him," said Hastings. He referred to the waiting golf ball but his eyes were on McBride.

Carpenter took a few preliminary swings, and hit the ball. It was a creditable performance. It shot out and down the fairway, and came to rest a good two hundred yards from the tee.

Suddenly Ira Carpenter noticed the sunshine, and the friendly chirping of the birds. He even smiled pleasantly at McBride taking his stance on the tee.

But joys are often fleeting. McBride's ball bettered his by twenty-five yards. "You and your ten-dollar bet," Carpenter addressed his jaunty caddy bitterly.

Hastings only smiled. "Some of us tortoises grow wings," he suggested pleasantly, "up and whang it with an iron."

Carpenter lost the first hole and the second, and from then on with a painful regularity.

At the fourteenth hole, McBride's ball found a bunker.

Hastings, watching out of the corner of his eye, saw him surreptitiously pat down the sand behind the ball. The sight steeled his heart. "One doesn't feed mice with whipped cream," he reflected soberly.

McBride's bunker shot was perfection. It rested within four feet of the pin, and he sank it for the half, with unrestrained jubilation.

Carpenter, robbed of a solitary victory, walked doggedly to the next tee. He drove straight and true, but short of the two-twenty-five mark.

McBride followed him with a confident air. Hastings was talking to Betty Carpenter apparently unconscious of current events. McBride scowled, with the mental reflection that he would warn her to stay away from that fellow. He caught the sound of her hushed laugh, passed, readdressed his ball and, with a vicious cut sliced it into the far rough.

Carpenter played his second to the edge of the green.

It was Hastings who first spied the lost ball. It had balanced just on the edge of an open scar in the ground. He had a twinge of conscience, but the memory of the bunker steeled his heart. He kicked the ball, deftly, into the

scar. "Obstacles," he reflected, "are nuts to the genius." But being a kindly soul he passed on and left McBride to make the harrowing discovery for himself.

Carpenter won the hole, but he was beyond cheer and plodded gloomily on. It was his one achievement of the day.

"One's not so bad," Hastings remarked cheerily, as they finished the round. "Next time we'll do better."

"Next time," Carpenter snorted, "We'll do better with someone else doing it."

"We'll bet him twenty and get our own back."

"I didn't know," Carpenter retorted, shortly, "that these were community funds."

Hastings smiled pleasantly. "Twenty will do for next time," he persisted. "We'll probably lose it—no use raising the ante too fast."

Carpenter was all planted for a flat refusal when he caught sight of McBride's triumphant face. "Twenty dollars on the next round," he said, decisively.

"You can't do it, dad," Betty interposed anxiously.

"Twenty dollars," Carpenter repeated stonily.

\* \* \*

HASTINGS, lolling comfortably on the hotel veranda, watched perspiring couples doing their daily eighteen. He did not grudge it to them. He had discovered that being a spectator opened up new fields of interest. He had discovered, for one thing, that if he stayed there long enough, Betty Carpenter might be expected to pass that way. It was something worth waiting for. He lay back dreamily thinking of her lithe young beauty, her ready laugh, her patience. He had donated this latter quality himself. Their acquaintance had been too short for him to have discovered it. Still, he felt, it was justified. Anyone who could play around for weeks with that fellow McBride must have it. He had developed a very low opinion of that young man.

Suddenly, he felt something cold and wet touch his hand. He withdrew it sharply, as though he had been bitten, and looked down in some surprise. A small dog, tan colored and of evidently uncertain parentage, sat looking up at him with appraising eyes.

"What ho, young fellow," said Hastings, pleasantly.

The dog continued to survey him, head on one side. It was evident that he felt that there were possibilities of amusement in this gentlemen. He lowered his head and barked encouragingly.

Hastings grinned. "I'm well disposed toward you, young fellow, but

right at the beginning of our acquaintance, I might as well mention the fact that I don't particularly care to have you use my hand as a pocket handkerchief. No offense intended, of course, and it may be that I am over-sensitive on a small matter, but it is a peculiarity of mine."

The dog wagged his stump of a tail, with an air of understanding, and wriggled in ecstatic appreciation as Hastings patted his head.

"It comes to my mind," said Hastings, surveying him soberly, "that you may be a dog of destiny. What do you say to a chunk of meat?"

The dog of destiny was a bit doubtful of the gist of the conversation, but he recognized the friendly spirit, and registered unqualified approval.

Hastings went to the snack room with his disreputable friend in close and interested attendance, purchased some sandwiches, and, having deposited the bread in a convenient flower box, fed the meat to the dog. "I have decided to christen you Rufus," Hastings explained.

Rufus observed him with adoring eyes. Here was a man after his own heart, pleasant and playful, and withal, generous.

"And if you drop round every day, I will provide you with rations. It is not quite a disinterested fancy, I must admit, but it is a worth-while graft even at that. So look me up from time to time."

Rufus jeopardized his spine with a series of frantic wags expressive, no doubt, of understanding and appreciation.

"How did that hound get in here?" Ira Carpenter's sombre voice broke in.

The hound in question, sensing a change from the genial atmosphere of the moment before, retired to a safer distance and sat watching, his head on his paws.

"Now," said Ira Carpenter, dropping the original subject, "that you have let me in for this fool contest, what do you intend to do about it?"

Hastings waved the personal application aside, airily. "We intend to beat him," he announced cheerfully.

"We," Carpenter almost choked over the word. "That's why I stopped to speak to you. I would like you to interpret that 'we' stuff. Barring the able pair of legs that haul my bag around, where does your part of the 'we' come in?"

"Did you ever get a good look at yourself while driving?"

A sudden angry flush mounted to Carpenter's face. "Young man—" he began stiffly.

"I thought not," Hastings interrupted, pleasantly. "Well, it isn't a pretty



light. It would break the heart of every man in this great land, which is a sad thought."

"What's the matter with my looks?" "I didn't like 'em much," Hastings admitted. "You lean forward on your left foot when you're taking the club back, and when you get it there you lean back on your right as though you were planted for good, and there isn't a kink anywhere in either of your knees. All right, maybe, for a pole-axe, but not for a driver. You can't hit a golf ball if you're on stilts. A little more of the supple vine and a little less of the sturdy oak's the thing."

"I suppose you know what you're talking about," Carpenter growled with grudging interest.

"We'll just get a handful of the little fellows, and go and try it out," Hastings retored.

\* \* \*

EVERY morning thereafter Hastings lolled in the self-same chair. And every morning Rufus appeared with adoration written large on his honest, if unattractive, face, and his expressive residue of a tail doing its best to wag itself off the dog, and ate his part sandwich, and retired to a distance to watch. And every morning Ira Carpenter came also, and together the three of them retired to the practice tee.

There were mornings when Carpenter felt that the world lay at his club head, and there were dark mornings when he decided to take his clubs home, and twine weeping willow about their slender shafts. But by the succeeding week it became unmistakably evident that his drives were lengthening and straightening — nothing spectacular — just an added ten yards or so—but something.

Sometimes, and they were memorable mornings for Hastings, Betty came and sat on the verandah, and talked to Rufus and to him. McBride had found them thus on more than one occasion and had carried her off with a scowling word in reply to Hastings' greeting.

"A nice appropriate companion for a wake," he confided to Rufus, "but across the breakfast table, he'd be apt to sour the cream." It was, perhaps, this judgment that made him reflect considerably on Betty Carpenter.

The second game progressed with the monotonous regularity of the first. Carpenter played with a dogged determination. He played better, too, getting distances that had been unknown to him before.

Betty watched his improving game with interest and surprise and just a flicker of expectancy. But as the steady toll of lost holes began to mount, the expectancy died.

McBride was jubilant, and only Hastings, carrying Carpenter's bag, looked

on as an almost indifferent spectator. His eyes were prone to stray toward the clubhouse, where he noted a distant and solitary speck on an otherwise vacant verandah.

As they approached the ninth he heard a joyous bark, and his heart warmed.

Carpenter had found a safe, if costly harbor on the muddy outpost of the green, and McBride had stepped toward his ball with an air of confidence, when a small brown tornado passed before him, yelping in an ecstasy of greeting as he saw Hastings.

For just the fraction of a second McBride hesitated. The stroke, just that fraction of a second out of time, topped the ball slightly. It rose in an erratic curve and "plopped" into the water just before the green.

McBride muffled a curse and took another ball. The novelty of it attracted Rufus. He approached with a preliminary sniff, and scuffled back with an injured air, as McBride lunged at him murderously. From a safer distance Rufus watched the second ball meet the fate of the first. The third ball reached the green.

As they moved forward Rufus surveyed Hastings with an inquiring air. He had a sensitive heart, and he would not push himself where he was not wanted, and the stranger had not appeared friendly. Hastings was his friend, he would wait for a suggestion from him.

Hastings was walking ahead, apparently unheeding. But from his capacious pocket he selected a juicy morsel and tossed it behind him.

Rufus disposed of it in a gulp. In that fractional second of its passage he had appraised it and found it good. He followed with a joyful bark.

Carpenter, playing from the mud just managed to make a six. McBride holed out for a seven and marched to the next tee in stony silence.

Not so Rufus. He cavorted along in a series of leaps and tumbles, proclaiming in short staccato barks that life was very much to his liking.

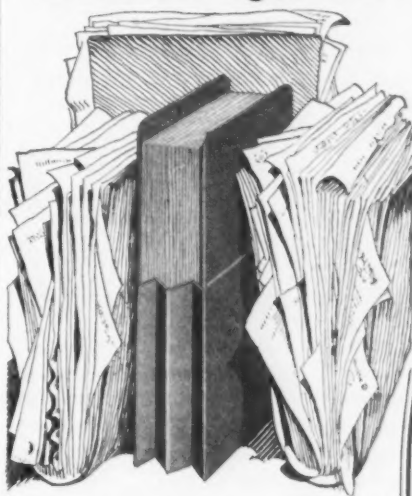
The sight of so much care-free joy was too much for McBride. He picked up a stone as he crossed a bit of rough, and as Rufus danced into range, hurled it at him viciously.

For a startled moment Rufus questioned his intentions but gave him the benefit of the doubt and, with a yelp of delight retrieved the stone and dropped it at McBride's feet waiting, poised, for the game to continue.

McBride made a vicious pass at him with a mashie, and a startled and outraged Rufus rolled out of harm's way and came up bristling.

"I'll knock the head off that dashed

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dog if he comes near enough," McBride stormed.

Rufus evidently realized that he meant it. He stood at a safe distance and barked defiance.

McBride drove, slicing his ball into the rough, and marched on with a muffled oath.

"Is that your dog?" he demanded of Hastings. "If it is I'll have you ruled off the course."

"I don't know who he belongs to," Hastings answered truthfully.

"He seems to know you."

Hastings smiled in answer. "I'm fond of dogs," he said.

McBride stalked away without answering. Following him came father and daughter, and behind them Hastings with Rufus at his heels, an appreciative Rufus, who gulped stray morsels as he danced along.

McBride slashed away, venting on the ball the spleen intended for the dog, and the ball took its vengeance, as only a golf ball can. It landed in rough and bunker. It rolled into cups, and out again, or trembled on the rim, restraining itself with an effort. He took four of the remaining holes and Carpenter, playing his steady, uninspired game took the balance.

"Six is not so bad," Hastings remarked as the round was finished, and McBride had walked, sulkily away, "next time we should do better. I'd bet him thirty."

Ira Carpenter shook his head. "Betty's right," he said, "I can't do it."

"But you are doing it. You're wearing him down."

Still Carpenter shook his head. "It's a nice theory," he said, "and it worked all right for Grant. I might fight it out on this line all summer, and all the next summer, and the next, but I'm fifty-eight. I wouldn't catch him in time. No, I'm through, Hastings. I'll write off that thirty dollars to experience."

"But you took six holes," Hastings protested.

"Dog took 'em—wouldn't be around next time."

"I think he might be," Hastings urged.

Again Carpenter shook his head. "Greens committee has protest a mile long by now," he said. "Your non-descript friend has played his last game of golf on this course. I'm not fond of dogs, mostly," he admitted, "and that one didn't look much but I'll say that his judgment was sound."

McBride emerged from the locker room and came toward them. "I've complained about that dog," he said, with an effort to make the statement appear merely conversational. "They'll see that he isn't around again."

"Too bad," Hastings remarked, pleas-

antly. "He seemed rather friendly"—he turned to Betty Carpenter—"and playful," he concluded.

Betty laughed with sudden, unrestrained mirth.

McBride faced her with a scowl, then turned on Hastings, savagely. "I think you've been putting up a game on me, and you think you can get away with it because you've been telling everyone around here that you've sworn off golf. Well, I'm going to call that bluff. I'll play you for a thousand."

Betty Carpenter came close to him and touched him on the arm. He looked down at her, and her face was not smiling.

"You said that you might play again—sometime," she reminded him.

He laughed at her sober face, and she smiled back a little hesitatingly.

McBride caught her arm and pushed her aside, almost roughly. "One thousand," he said, with a sneer,—"and something else. This course is too small for the two of us—one thousand, and the loser gets out, and I fancy that the fellow who won't play won't be able to stick, either, sworn off or not."

"Now that you remind me of it," Hastings smiled, "this is the end of the month. I'm not sworn off any more. I'll play, but I don't like your terms. We're not profiteers, we're reformers. Let's say thirty."

"And what about the last clause," McBride demanded.

"The last clause," Hastings retorted, slowly, "looks to me like a touch of genius. I'm for it."

THERE were signs of excitement on Ira Carpenter's face. "And I'll caddie for you," he said, exultantly, "and Betty can help McBride."

"Suits me," McBride retorted with returned confidence. "We'll show 'em some golf tomorrow, Bet. Now let's run along and have a game of tennis. I'm feeling fit as a fiddle now that dashed dog's disposed of."

Betty Carpenter followed him, slowly, with a little frown puckering her brow.

"I don't suppose," Carpenter remarked, regretfully, "that we could smuggle that dog in somehow." He looked at Hastings anxiously. "I'd give most anything if I could get that thirty back. There isn't anything that you want, is there? I'd like to make it worth your while. Don't suppose you have much of a chance. But if there's anything—"

"There is something," Hastings retorted, soberly, "maybe I'll ask you about it later."

\* \* \*

McBride had taken the first three holes, and was his cheerful, confident self again. He had caught Carpenter's

arm and, while the latter held back reluctantly, was hurrying him along to show how far his drive had outdistanced Hastings'.

Betty and Hastings followed at a more sober pace. "Ted is having a good time," she said, "he's winning. I'm sorry I urged you into this. If you hadn't sworn off, it might be different. You can't afford to swear off golf," she said, with a little laugh.

"You don't happen to want me to win, do you?" he inquired, "you shouldn't, you know. There is such a thing as honor among caddies."

"I want you to try your hardest. It's all right to wish that."

He nodded. "I'll remember," he said.

Hastings edged out the next two holes, and halved the succeeding two. McBride grew a trifle quieter.

As they moved on again Betty found herself with him. "I wish," he said ungraciously, "if you're pretending to caddie for me, that you'd leave that fellow alone. He makes me sick."

"All right," she said, but there was a dangerous quiet in her voice.

Coming up to the next hole her foot touched the ball that had lain hidden in a ridge. It rolled away and lay pocketed before a heavy tuft of grass. "Oh Ted, I'm so sorry," she said contritely. "I didn't see the ball. I'm awfully sorry."

"Just plain dashed stupidity," he fumed, "that will probably cost me the hole."

Betty made no retort, but there was a heightened color on her cheeks. She looked across at Hastings who had overheard, and he nodded, as though in answer to some unspoken challenge. Studying his shot with care, he pitched within a foot of the pin.

McBride's pitch was short and he took two putts. Betty felt sorry for him, his chagrin was so evident. "I'm glad it wasn't just because of me," she said, intent on sharing his disappointment.

He turned on her sharply. "Plain stupidity just the same," he snapped.

They faced the ninth hole all square. As Hastings looked down that long sloping fairway, he smiled faintly, remembering his verandah play. Beyond lay that treacherous island green. He took an iron from his bag, and drove with just that saved ounce of strength. The ball came to rest just under the top of the ridge, with McBride's well behind and to the left.

With a scowl, McBride played for the long side of the green and a pitch to the rough.

Hastings used a mashie, and his ball lay dead, within six feet of the pin. There was no need to concede the putt. He made it, and with it the hole.

The game ended with Hastings four up.

McBride did not wait for anything, but took his bag and, without a word to anyone, hurried away.

Hastings looked after him with a puzzled air. Then his face cleared. "Yon laddie's cut to the heart," he said.

"I hope it reached right through it," Carpenter snorted.

Betty turned on him with a laugh that was a little uncertain. "You vindictive old thing," she said, the heightened color still on her face. "Just for that you are going to give us the very best dinner we can buy. And I suppose," she added, with a touch of hesitation, "that it had better be a three-some."

"Come along," said her father, "and help me hunt it."

"And you, young fellow," he turned to Hastings, "whatever it was you wanted, you can have it."

"I hope so, sir," said Hastings, his eyes on Betty.

\* \* \*

HENRY MORRISON lounged comfortably in the verandah chair. "I know what's the matter with McBride," he said.

Keeling turned on him sourly. "You still singing that old hymn of hate?" he demanded.

"He's a poor loser," Morrison retorted, blandly.

"You might have discovered it before, and saved all the talk," Keeling grumbled.

"Couldn't, because he didn't lose. He didn't take any chances, and, anyway, there was no one to make him."

"Then how did you find out?"

"Ever meet young Bob Hastings?"

Keeling shook his head.

"Nice boy—you should. I used to know his father—clever chap, Bob's father—good friend of mine in the old days. Been fooling around in the open championship, Bob had—got fed up on golf—said he'd sworn off for a month. No man's got a right to swear off golf. It's not moral. I put him up here, where he'd have to look at it every day. Proper punishment, don't you think?" he inquired earnestly.

"You started out to tell me something," Keeling retorted bitterly, and you've wandered round so much that you're lost."

"No," Morrison protested, "I'm still driving straight. You see it was Bob's game, but I provided him with the bait, and the incentive."

"Incentive," Keeling snorted. "Looking at you playing, I suppose."

Morrison eyed him witheringly. "Looking at Betty Carpenter," he said, "That's how I found out."

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## The Propaganda of Peace

(Continued from page 7)

to a degree, to the international field, and so that Rotary acquaintance may be fostered by making the members of the entire club somewhat familiar with the other nations of the world. This study and effort will continue throughout the year. Of course such an effort on the part of only one club in the world would have but faint effect, but if all the clubs in the world were to follow a somewhat similar process, it is felt that inestimable good would result. Letters have already been received by members of the Wichita Rotary Club from many Rotarians in other countries expressing the most enthusiastic feeling over the task that is being attempted and the purpose back of the task. Needless to say, such interchange of good fellowship in itself is conducive to the ideal of world-wide good will.

Under the auspices of one of the groups a program on Italy was rendered before the whole club. I have just listened to that program, and it is the inspiration for this article. After the exposition of the virtues and human failings of the Italian people, their gen-

ius for beautiful music and art, their prolific agriculture, their vivacity and good nature, their pressing economic problems, their experiment with Fascism, their past history, their contribution to science, their human faults and disadvantages, their economic need for peace, their desire for friendly relations, every man in the room must have gone away feeling better acquainted with Italy, better educated in facts about Italy, and by that token, more potentially friendly toward Italy.

Multiply this meeting by one thousand and introduce it everywhere. Considerable progress thus will have been made toward world peace.

Next time you sit by a fellow-Rotarian at luncheon and call him Bob or Dick or Charlie, think of that word "International" before the word Rotary, and there will open up a vista crowded with many costumes and many types. There will be Jacques and Giuseppe and Shogi and Knut and Ivan and Manuel and Fritz. For how can there be world peace without even a little world acquaintance?

## Among Our Letters

(Continued from page 31)

Rotary Club, or attending one hundred per cent does not make a Rotarian. Rotary is an organization which has its definite objects to accomplish and that man is a Rotarian who is daily conducting himself in such way as to help attain those objects. Obviously a man is not going to be of much force in trying to help an organization attain its objects unless he has the capacity for re-acting properly to every condition which will either further the attainment of those objects or will halt those forces which tend to tear down the organization or block its progress.

The mere learning of the objects of the organization will set up intellectual processes within the individual so that he will know what is the proper reaction he should have under a given set of conditions.

Every intelligent man in the world knows or must soon learn that, whether he practices it or not, service is in reality the basis of all worthy enterprise.

While all business and professional men may not practice it, yet without exception I believe they all preach the doctrine of high ethical standards. On

the statutes of many States we find restrictions against un-ethical practices. For instance, every State in the American Union has a law against rebating by life-insurance underwriters. Every life-insurance underwriter knows that it is unethical to rebate and every one who does it, if such there be, flatly denies it.

The test of our Education in Rotary is our reaction to the Third Object of Rotary—The application of the Ideal of Service by every Rotarian to his business or professional and community life. I believe if we would spend more time on Rotary Application, more would be accomplished. Surely the individual Rotarian knows that acquaintance helps business and since business is simply an opportunity to serve it helps service. Likewise every Rotarian knows that if we have an individual brotherhood we are going to have a world fellowship so that after all I believe that we need more Application of Rotary's principle, "All things whatsoever you would that men should do to you, do you even so unto them."

JOHN E. NORMAN,  
Rotary Club of Huntington, W. Va.

## Unusual Stories of Unusual Men

(Continued from page 33)

ports on the Streator Recreation Center made over into a place of charm and scenic beauty. Andy consulted a noted golf-course architect and laid plans for improving the property.

Mrs. Anderson had been his constant adviser, chum, and comrade through all the years of their married life. Her death last year was an irreparable loss to Andy. As a memorial to her he offered to donate the funds to mould the Recreation Center to the thing of use and beauty that he had dreamed. His offer was accepted. So he spent many thousands of dollars to accomplish it. In honor of Mr. and Mrs. Andy Anderson the place has been rechristened Anderson Fields.

With a well-appointed clubhouse, tennis courts, golf course, football field, and shaded walks Anderson Fields is a permanent reminder to the people of Streator that Andy Anderson, coal miner, printer, public-spirited citizen, and Rotarian, lived and loved and worked here and never forgot in his success that the things he was denied through force of circumstances in his youth should be the rightful heritage of the youth of today and tomorrow. It is further a reminder of the mate who shared with him the days of hardships, the gradual ascent to business success, and the esteem and confidence of the community.

## Back to Nature

(Continued from page 29)

it was not red herring but a very fine cut of turbot. I asked him to send the bill, and proposed arbitration in the matter of damage to Mrs. Trimble's dress. All this was by correspondence.

And then I encountered him in the railway carriage. He glared at me to such an extent that the other men began to wink at one another. So, very innocently, I said: "Something up?"

"Don't talk to me," said Trimble.

"And don't you be a damned fool," I said.

"Damned fool yourself," said he.

And that is how Trimble and I got to natural terms with one another. I think we both found it a relief. I can imagine him patting Smallboys' head surreptitiously.

## Rotary—From the Outside

(Continued from page 30)

Dear Mr. Silberstein:

Thanks for your letter. I certainly have no prejudice against Rotary. But it is obviously in the hands, in many towns, of professional word-mongers of a familiar type, and I have been reprinting some of their speeches in *The American Mercury*. It seems to me that the public statements made by some of the principal officers of the organization are utterly idiotic, and that they are therefore legitimate targets for humor. Examples pour into the office by almost every mail, intended for our department of "Americana." What is to be done about it I don't know. ALL organizations, in America, seem to draw in rhetoricians.

Sincerely yours,

H. L. MENCKEN.

Thus is Rotary seen from the outside looking in. Through its portals gaze a host of men before whom Rotary is now on trial. Professing a great ideal it must now demonstrate its practical value to mankind. To those of us on the inside we see in Rotary a philosophy of life that is translatable into action. It is yet our duty to make the world see that this philosophy is workable, and applicable to all men, whether within or without Rotary membership.



## Eat and Be Well

If you want to keep well—up to top notch—strong, healthy, efficient—you must know how and what to eat.

The body is a machine. It demands certain quantities and qualities, and only under favorable conditions will the body do its most efficient work.

"Eating for Health and Efficiency" is a condensed set of health rules—every one of which may be easily followed at home. It tells how the Battle Creek Sanitarium Diet has been built through years of exhaustive scientific research. It will give you a new idea of life and its possibilities.

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## World Wide Rotary!

The attention of readers of THE ROTARIAN is invited to the fact that there are several other Rotary publications to which they might also like to become subscribers.

### Rotary

The monthly magazine of the Rotary Clubs in Great Britain and Ireland, where there are now approximately 200 clubs.

### La Nota Rotaria and Rotary

Two excellent publications in the Spanish language. La Nota Rotaria is the publication of the clubs in Cuba and Rotary is the publication of the clubs in Spain.

### Il Rotary

This is the publication of the Rotary clubs in Italy, and for any one reading Italian, this will prove to be a very interesting publication.

### Les Rotary Clubs de France

The publication of the Rotary clubs in the Republic of France and a magazine which will be found very interesting to those who are able to read French.

Many Rotarians have children who as part of their school work are studying French, Spanish or Italian. Why not subscribe for one or more of these publications and have the younger members of the family read it and translate it to you?

### Exchange of International Courtesies!

While THE ROTARIAN is particularly the magazine of the Rotary Clubs in the United States, Canada and Newfoundland, there are many Rotarians in all the other 25 countries of Rotary who are subscribers to THE ROTARIAN. It would be a fine international courtesy for many Americans, Canadians or Newfoundlanders to subscribe to these other magazines.

Subscriptions may be sent to International Headquarters whence they will be forwarded to the respective offices of these publications.

### Subscription Rates

	Per Year
Rotary (English).....	\$3.00
La Nota Rotaria (Spanish).....	3.00
Rotary (Spanish).....	3.00
Il Rotary (Italian).....	3.00
Les Rotary Clubs de France (French) .....	3.00

The advertising pages of these magazines afford opportunities for Americans, Canadians and others to place business advertisements. Inquiries regarding advertising in these publications may be sent to International Headquarters whence they will be forwarded to the respective publications.

## Specialists in Friendly Advice

(Continued from page 23)

does not lie dormant awaiting the emergency call. It serves a useful purpose in another way—one which reaches alike all club members. Periodically, there is sent out a carefully prepared letter carrying a message bearing upon the things a man should do for the protection of his family or his business, but which he oftentimes overlooks or puts off for tomorrow. Each letter bears upon a single carefully chosen subject or in viewing the uncertainties of life some of these may be appropriately treated in group form.

The following titles, selected at random, will illustrate: "Is your house in order—business and finance?" "Are you training someone to continue your business?" "Do you carry adequate insurance?" "Have you made a will?" Other subjects are covered from time to time. For example, one letter describes in detail the very thorough way one club member and his partner have arranged their business and personal

affairs to provide protection to each other and their heirs and avoid unnecessary loss in the event of the sudden passing of either of them. Here is exhibited a commendable foresight which guards the survivors from the many pitfalls and heavy expenses which, through neglect of the departed, frequently beset the loved ones.

Thus it can be seen from what is here written that this committee can render at times a valuable assistance to a fellow Rotarian in time of perplexity or unlooked-for emergency—the "friend in need" as it were.

So far as is known, this character of Rotary Service found its start in the Rotary Club of San Francisco. Many clubs of Rotary International have not as yet heard of it. Some others, recognizing its value, have adopted and are carrying out the idea in their own clubs. Many more could do so to advantage.

## The Next Convention

(Continued from page 14)

with more than 120,000 members—every one of these members giving a service to his community.

What kind of service does a community need?

Take the roster of your own Rotary club and look at the list of classifications. Those are the services your community needs. And if I may step aside from the main point of this article a moment please note that the "Classification Roster" of your club—which you should have established through a classification survey of your town—is a complete list of the services your community needs. You'll find listed, groceries-retailing, surgery, general law practice, building construction, religion—and a host of others. You will find every one of those services to the community on the classification roster and the membership roster of every Rotary club in the world. Isn't it apparent that the basic services in every community are the same? The needs and demands for the preservation of human life in every community are the same whether the men and women that compose the community are white, black, brown or yellow.

On your meeting day think of the fact that somewhere in every part of the world the man of your classification is walking into his club every week and

greeting his fellow-members in a pledge of fellowship. But what is that chap's fellowship with the men in his club compared with his fellowship with you? You and he are serving the community in exactly the same way. You and he are daily meeting the human needs expressed by the same human impulses. What difference is it that they may be expressed in a different language or that the satisfaction of those impulses and appetites may take a different form—the desire is the same, the appetite is the same, the impulse that inspires it is the same and the problems arising in meeting it are exactly the same.

That is the real fellowship of Rotary—the international fellowship of Rotary—the practical fellowship of Rotary. It is for the advancement of the understanding of that fellowship that a Rotary club exists. And in that, understanding will be rooted as well as the goodwill that is to bring about international peace. It is a real fellowship, a very practical fellowship and a new form of approach to the bringing together of the peoples of the world. It is the dawning of an understanding of that real fellowship of business and professional men through the service they are giving their communities which cannot help but bring goodwill and, because of its universal occurrence



and application, be the lever that moves the world surely and positively toward international peace.

If these statements are accepted as preliminary facts we will readily understand that the relationship of the Rotary club, as a unit of organization of the individual Rotarians, is even more vital to Rotary International than the relation of stockholders to a business enterprise. Rotarians are more than mere stockholders in Rotary International—they are Rotary International itself. The policies of Rotary International are the policies of the individual Rotarian, accepted and endorsed by his fellow-members of his individual Rotary club and made the international law of Rotary by the delegates of his club attending the International Convention. The individual Rotarian, acting through the Rotary club, creates Rotary International, the organization, with which to carry into practice throughout the world the principles of Rotary.

HAVING established, first, the principle of Rotary and Rotary International; second, the responsibility of the individual Rotarian for their policy, and, third, the unit of organization governing all matters of Rotary policy, the Rotary club—the next step is to see just what the relations are between the Rotary club, as the unit of individual Rotarians, and the organization created by Rotary clubs, which we call Rotary International. We should not lose sight of the fact that the governing unit in every part of this is the individual Rotarian acting through his Rotary club. That in essence is the body that not only creates the organization known as Rotary International, but also establishes the policies of Rotary International and selects men as officers who are thought to be the best fitted to carry out these policies. And here is another thing which should be clearly understood. Under the Constitution of Rotary International—provided for it by the Rotary clubs, developed by the Rotary clubs—the officers selected at the International convention have no choice in the outlining of policy—they must simply carry out convention directions.

Their individual initiative, their individual capacity may enter into the zeal with which they act. But the principles upon which they act are laid before them. They have no authority to depart from these principles. They may emphasize this or that part of them, as the individual capacity and initiative of the members of the International board may dictate. But if you will look back over the history of Rotary you will find that International presidents and directors and their committees have simply been developing

step by step the policies of Rotary as provided for in the convention itself. Thus the first convention outlined the first organization and at the second convention the platform and the objects were adopted. The third convention formed the International organization and the succeeding year was spent in developing this. At the fourth convention the suggestion for a code of ethics was first made, and the fifth convention considered the code, but the code was not adopted until the sixth convention so ordained. Into the seventh convention came the matter of community service of Rotary as expressed in Boys Work and similar activities. And so the history of the organization goes—Rotary International taking up and pushing forward only those things the convention directed should be taken up and pushed forward.

That completes the circuit—the individual Rotarian, the supreme governing factor in Rotary International, formulates the policies of Rotary International through the club unit by the meeting of delegates from all club units in the International convention. These policies decided upon, the same delegates elect officers to put them into effect. These officers meet and formulate plans, deliver them to the district governors at the International council meeting and the district governors at their executives' meeting present these plans—finished forms of procedure designed particularly to be adaptable to all clubs and all club conditions. And the club executives take them back to the clubs for use.

And so I come to the final word—the word I want to say to every man who reads this. I have attempted to give you the idea of Rotary—the real ideal of Rotary and the practical way Rotary is going about the achievement of this ideal. I have endeavored to outline the relation each one of us as an individual Rotarian bears to the general scheme of Rotary International.

If you see, and believe in the Rotary idea as outlined, I want you to ask yourself if you have not a great personal responsibility in seeing to it that you either attend the international convention of Rotary personally or that your club is represented there. Come personally if you can—for there you will realize the tremendous import of this world fellowship of business and professional men far better than words can describe it to you. For there you will find a demonstration of this fellowship—the gathering of men of all nations in this fellowship, this world fellowship of business and professional men united in the Rotary ideal of service that is to bring about understanding, goodwill, and international peace.



## What's at Your Journey's End?

When you travel today your own motor-car, or the great railroads, take you to your destination as speedily and comfortably as it is possible to do so.

But—

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## A Story from Nauru

MAY I contribute a little story for you. It shows the Rotary spirit as manifested by people of a different colour—the native inhabitants of Nauru, the little phosphate Island in the Central Pacific, in which New Zealand is a part owner. From it are distributed annually many thousands of tons of high grade phosphate, to the direct benefit of great numbers of struggling farmers, and indirectly benefiting millions in various parts of the world.

In 1900 I was present at a meeting of the native Chiefs there. The Governor had come to the Island for the express purpose of announcing to them, through the interpreter, that the white men had discovered that the rocks and stones on their Island were of value. He explained to them that in the white men's country there was much land too barren to grow food but by applying to it some of their rock and stones, the land would become fertile. So the white men would buy this material

from them, and take it away in steamers to their own country.

The Chiefs listened gravely and attentively. This was something new, and quite different to their preconceived ideas. They had seen for years the wonderful things that came in the vessels from the white men's country; they thought it could produce anything and everything—and now to think that it required the stones from their little Island to make the white men's land fertile!

Then a dignified old Chief spoke. It was good, he said, to help the white men, seeing that their land was so poor. They hardly liked to take money for such material; but, he added—and here he doubtless had in mind the avidity with which he had seen the traders collecting copra—when the white men took their rocks and stones away, WOULD they leave enough behind for them to make sinkers for their fishing lines? "ELLIS,"

Auckland, New Zealand.

**"Be Sure You're Right, Then  
Stand Pat!"**

(Continued from page 11)

his directors to learn their opinions. He spoke about it several times to the president but was put off with the statement that as he had no financial interest in the company he had no business to sit in with the directorate. Manifestly the time had come for him again to stand pat. When the next time he received notice to go to Philadelphia he got the president on the long distance phone.

"I hope you'll have a satisfactory meeting," he told the chief, "but I won't be able to come. I'll send my report by mail."

The president demanded to know the reason, and Corney Garretson let him have it.

"My reason is," he responded, "that the directors are not treating their property right. They bought this factory to make a legitimate profit out of it. Well, it can't do what it ought, so long as they don't give their manager their full confidence. Personally, I don't mind being treated like a bellboy; I'd shine their shoes if I thought I could be a more efficient manager by so doing. But when I have to dodge in and out of the meetings I have no way of knowing fully what is on their minds, and naturally I can't be as good an employee as I might. This time my report will go forward by mail."

As it turned out he did not have to send his report by mail, for next day the president came to Wilmington to see him and at the ensuing directors meeting he was elected treasurer of the company, an office that carried with it the right to mingle with his employers during their deliberations.

In telling these things I am not trying to set forth examples of the spirit that we hear so much about nowadays, namely the spirit of Go-Getting. Certain publications are full of stories glorifying the young American who works hard, leads a righteous life and constantly keeps an eye on the Main Chance. Corney Garretson dislikes the Go-Getter as much as I do, and believes that an orderly and upright civilization will not be established so long as self-centered advancement is held up as an American ideal. Also, I hesitate to use the word Service, which is being so overworked these days. Yet I trust the reader will notice, in this account of Garretson's experiences, that each time he found it necessary to stand pat his actions were decided by what he considered after reflection to be right all around. He believed in the dignity of his own work; but above that he put his responsibility toward those who gave him his job and paid his salary.

So far this article has been of the

Success variety, showing what a young man did who started with nothing and arrived at prosperity. Now let us see how the policy of "Be Sure You're Right, Then Stand Pat," works out when one has graduated from the employee class and becomes an employer and an executive himself.

THERE must be something to it, for the Electric Hose and Rubber Company, Cornelius Garretson, President, has been astonishingly successful in spite of putting into practice certain methods that have been hailed at the outset as vastly impractical. Twenty-two years ago its annual business was around \$75,000; now its weekly output averages far more than that sum. Its product is sold throughout the world. It runs with such automatic smoothness that its business showed an increase during the year that its president gave it only one day a week and spent the rest of his time working at the job of Governor of the Thirty-fifth District of Rotary.

For the benefit of those business men who firmly believe their particular line harbors more worries than any other kind, I will tell something of the business of manufacturing rubber hose. It is one of the most competitive lines in the world. Hose is sold generally through the jobbing trade. Active retail selling of garden hose usually commences in May, but of course the jobbers must have their stocks in hand before that time. Bills are payable June first; but the manufacturer must be producing throughout the year, so the manufacturer has to operate on an average of six months before he gets paid for his output. As a result of this condition there are always those who are tempted to cut prices below an economic figure in order to get business from cash buyers.

Cornelius Garretson holds the belief that it is neither good business nor good ethics to have one price for one person and another price for another person. A few years ago he was on a train bound for St. Louis, and as Prohibition had not yet become a subject for conversation, the talk in the smoking-compartment fell on business methods. Garretson chanced to mention something he was doing in his rubber-hose factory, and a little later one of the men in the group introduced himself as an executive of a very important Western wholesale house and stated he might be able to use some of Garretson's product.

"We'd be mighty glad to sell you," Garretson answered, "but unfortunately it's out of the question."

The Westerner wanted to know why. "To explain the exact reason," said Garretson, "I'll have to be pretty frank. We can't sell your house because your

buyers always insist on little inside price. Probably you think you ought to have inside prices because your purchases are very large. I'm not criticising. Only, we think we ought to make the same price to everyone."

The two parted in a friendly enough spirit and Garretson thought no more of the matter until some months later when he received a letter from the Westerner saying he was sending his head buyer to Wilmington to look into the garden-hose business. The buyer came and was met by President Garretson himself. After being shown through the plant and inspecting samples the buyer got down to business.

"We will need a million feet of garden hose this year," he said, "and we'd like to buy it from you. A purchase like that is worth something, isn't it? Well, give me a discount of half-a-cent a foot and I'll sign on the dotted line."

Garretson politely declined the offer and explained his reasons. No business was done, and later in the day he took the buyer to the railroad station. The two stood on the platform waiting for the train which could be heard tooting in the distance. Suddenly the buyer said:

"Make it a quarter-a-cent a foot and the business is yours."

Garretson thanked him for his offer, said it couldn't be done, bid him goodbye and went back to his office. A few days later his telephone operator said he was being long distanced. The wholesale buyer was on the other end. "All right, Mr. Garretson," he said, "I'm going to give you the order at your price, but with one little amendment. Those wooden spools that you wind your hose on,—I notice that you charge extra for them, \$1.75 each. Just forget that item and I will give you our order and try you out this year."

Again Garretson declined the million-foot order. He presumed the matter was closed, but ten days later a man walked into his office whom he recognized as his former acquaintance of the Pullman smoking-compartment, the executive head of the big Western wholesale house.

"Look here, Garretson," he said; "you've got us kind of puzzled. We've always been able to get an inside price on account of our big purchases. What makes you so hard-headed?"

"Before I answer that question," Corney Garretson responded, "I'll ask you one: Do you, as wholesalers, believe in having different prices for different customers? Do you give secret discounts?"

"We do not!" said the Westerner.

"Neither do we!" said Garretson. Fortunately the wholesaler had a sense of humor.

"I'll be doggoned if you don't make



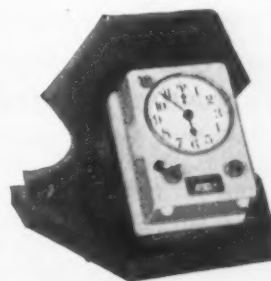
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it hard to be business-like," he chuckled. "Just the same I'm going to call your bluff. I'm going to give you our order this one time and try you out."

He drew his chair up to the desk to carry out his intentions when Corney Garretson interrupted softly.

"If you really feel that way about it," he said; "feel it is a case of 'trying me out,' I guess we'd better not go ahead. My idea about business is that it ought to be a case of mutual confidence. If you feel you've got to watch me, neither of us would be very happy. But I'll tell you what I'll do. Without any contract I'll begin making up your million feet of hose and ship it to you in convenient lots. Any time you can get better goods or better prices elsewhere, you send me a wire collect and the deal is off. Now suppose we go up to the hotel and have lunch!"

That year's business was transacted satisfactorily to both sides. Also each year since that time the wholesale house has repeated its million-foot order without the scratch of a pen.

A STRANGE way to carry on large affairs? Perhaps so. Yet Cornelius Garretson believes it pays. He believes it so thoroughly that for five years the Electric Hose and Rubber Company has had no written contract with any firm to which it sells its product. He says that when some years ago he decided that a written contract was not strong enough and he wanted the stronger verbal contract, a customer from a middle Western city came in his office and, as the prices of raw materials which go into the manufacture of rubber hose were advancing, this customer wanted to make a contract for his requirements for six months. Garretson agreed to take the business, told the man that he had his raw materials all contracted for and that his prices would not advance during that time. Nevertheless, the customer wanted to make a contract and Garretson thought this would be a good time to try out his theory; so he refused to give a written contract and told the customer he would have to rely entirely on his word. The customer insisted on the written contract and made some remarks that were not as complimentary as they might have been about rubber manufacturers. It was then that Garretson said "All right, if that is the way you feel toward me after our years of business association, we probably better not do business together any longer." When the customer saw that he was in earnest about it, he decided to let Garretson have his own way, and they have never had anything but a verbal contract since. And as it is a poor rule that does not work both ways, the Company buys in the same way that it sells.

For example: A great quantity of cotton yarn is used in the fabrication of hose. The Company buys its yarn from three concerns. Each of these concerns is told to enter the Electric Hose and Rubber Company's order at the time when they would buy for themselves. Their judgment is trusted implicitly.

Another strange thing goes on in the big Wilmington plant. Competitors are constantly invited to visit it and to inspect any improved method of manufacture that may be employed. I shall have to let Corney Garretson explain these things himself:

"It is good business to let competitors know exactly what we are doing and how we do it. We have been making hose a long time and we believe we are fairly expert. We have learned to turn out our product economically. In the long run every industry is on a more solid basis when its products get to the consumer with no big profits loaded on. We ourselves figure on a profit of exactly 10 per cent above production cost.

"All right. Now suppose there are some concerns in the business who are not quite so expert as we are. They might figure their profits too low, which in the long run would cause bankruptcies and general disorder. Or they might figure their profits too high, in which case the public would pay too much. Steady production at a living profit is the only safe basis in any industry and the only basis on which the prosperity of any country is founded. If we are doing something more economically than our competitors, we want our competitors to copy it. It is simply a form of business insurance!"

Corney Garretson does some other unconventional things in his Wilmington factory. For example, his mechanics get a two weeks vacation with pay each year, the same as his white-collar office employees. I have spoken of the fact that profits are figured at precisely ten per cent above production costs. The stockholders, however, do not get all of the ten per cent. The employees come in for a share. Also,—and so far as I know it is a unique idea,—the clients likewise receive a proportion of the yearly earnings. It is not the plan followed by some corporations in which clients receive a discount only when their purchases reach a certain volume; that method, Garretson believes, is a penalizing of the small dealer in favor of the big dealer. He works it this way: At the end of each year's business a statement is prepared that shows the total sales and expenses, and the amounts paid stockholders and employees. Twenty-five per cent of the

(Continued on page 60)

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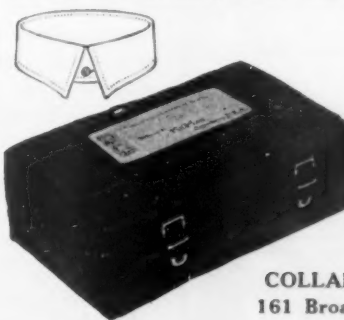
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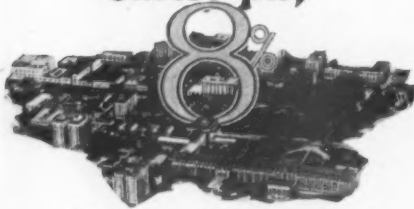
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balance of the profit is divided among the clients. The firm that has bought a thousand feet of hose gets precisely the same percentage of its purchases as the firm that has bought a million feet.

Fine, one thinks, when business is going good and when each client receives a nice dividend check the first of January. But how about it when the sledding is hard and there are no dividends to distribute? That is precisely the question I asked Corney Garretson. There was one recent year when the clients received no dividends. In the files of the Electric Hose and Rubber Company is a stack of letters from clients that year, each letter a courteous acceptance of the situation. In no case was there complaint, but rather an expression of hope that the Company would for its own sake be on the right side of the ledger the following year. Business is not always merely business when there is mutual confidence and respect between seller and buyer and when the carrying out of a contract does not depend on legal documents.

At one end of the Wilmington plant there are rooms fitted up where each morning a physician and a dentist report to take care of the physical ailments of the employees at the cost of the Company. Was this, I asked Garretson a form of welfare work? Were the workmen grateful for this solicitude on the part of the Company?

Decidedly, he answered, it is not welfare work. He does not want employees to be grateful. He makes it

plain to every person in his employ that free medicinal and dental service are given solely to the end that the person may be in good physical shape to do a full day's work. That is the only attitude, he believes, by which both sides can preserve a sturdy self-respect. Corney Garretson has more than a passing feeling about this. He was, as I have said, educated at Girard College, an endowed institution; he still recalls the humiliating occasions when visitors would come around to see how grateful the boys might be who were the recipients of others' munificence.

He has even carried this feeling into Rotary. When he was president of the Wilmington Club it was proposed that one of the Christmas activities should be a big turkey dinner at the fashionable hotel at which some hundreds of the city's poor children should be entertained by the club. President Garretson opposed the project and had his way. Here was his argument, that seems to me vastly valid:

"Let us give turkeys, as many as we can afford. But let us send them to the homes. It is pleasant of course to get an emotional kick out of our charities, but it is making the other fellow pay too darn much!"

And so, the doctor and the dentist and the free insurance to employees of the Electric Hose and Rubber Company are as far removed from a welfare basis as possible. Employer and employee meet each other on the honest basis of fellow human beings, both sides trying to do a good job and earn a reasonable living.

## Dangerous Age for Fathers

(Continued from page 19)

him take his medicine. Next time, perhaps, he'll heed my words."

"Next time?" the Butterfly Man shook his head. "If you desert him now there may never be a next time. If you fail him now, he may never seek you out again. Can't you see that tonight, sitting in that police station among the utter ruin of his hopes, he's at a crossroads of his life?"

"I see it," said Mrs. Quinby.

Mr. Quinby, after a moment, sighed and sat down. "It seems," he said bitterly, "that a father is not supposed to have any feelings."

"Feelings"? Tom Woods leaned across the table. "He must have feeling and understanding, sympathy and wisdom, patience and faith. There isn't a bigger job in the world than

being a father, and there isn't a job that is so often slighted. If a man has a business that's going bad he'll sit up all night with it, plan and scheme for ways and means to put it on its feet, stick to it through years of discouragement, and call no effort too great that offers a chance for success. But let his boy kick over the traces and his patience evaporates, his faith wobbles, his sympathy dies, his understanding clouds, and he says, 'I wash my hands of you!' He doesn't say this to his business; yet if his business failed he might resurrect it. But failure with his son might be failure forever.

"Great Christopher! What have you been thinking of? Father and son live in different worlds. The man sees life through the dearly bought wisdom of



experience; the boy sees only a fairy-land in which everything is honest, and true, and possible. The father expects the boy to come over to his world, and the boy can't do it. It is the father who must go to the boy's world. He must make himself part of it and try to understand it. And yet how many do it? Did you?"

"Didn't I?" Mr. Quinby asked.

"You did not. Were you ever a boy? Can't you go back to your own boyhood and marvel at some of the wild ideas that came to you? This idea of business came to Bert, and he followed it. And what then? Did you stop to think that, after all, his way was only a boy's way? No; you expected him to see the situation just as you saw it. Instead of sitting down with an air of man to man and showing him in black and white, with pencil and paper, how impossible it all was, you adopted an air of injured dignity and drove him into a shell of silence and distrust. Even after he was committed to the plan, after the store was open, he was still your son—the most precious thing you own in the world. A chasm had formed between you. Did you try to bridge it? No. You never went into his place, never showed any interest in it, never gave any sign of good will, never prepared for the day when, the timbers of the structure down about his ears, he would be glad to come to you as a haven.

"And when the day of disaster came, he didn't come to you. You had predicted failure, and had sat back and had waited for it so that you could prove to him that you had known what was best. A man matching his wisdom against that of a boy. Put yourself in his place. Failure was the last thing he wanted to own up to. You had fashioned things in his mind so that he felt he could not come to you with a manly admission that he had made a mistake, but had to come with none of his pride left. He was too sensitive, stubborn and high-spirited for that. He took a chance on winning out and went to Clud, and Clud squeezed him. When the crash came he thought that Clud had used him for an easy mark, and that Sam had played him false. And tonight, sitting alone in the police station, he hasn't even got you.

"You should be there with him. Did you ever read the parable of the Prodigal Son? It's a father's job to stand by, to help a boy over the rough places, to follow him afar if he wanders, to keep a guiding hand on the elbow even when the elbow is pulled away, to bind up his wounds when he's hurt. Of course, he's going to make mistakes. He's going to aggravate you and get your blood boiling; and there will be times you'll feel that you'd like

to beat sense into him with a club, and that you've failed at every turn, and that the whole game isn't worth the candle. A tough job? Yes. A thankless job? Often. But you've got to stay with it until some day you can take your hand away and let him walk alone, secure in the knowledge that his head is level and his thinking straight. That is the hour of reward, for in that hour he knows what your help has meant.

"And you talk of washing your hands of him. Have you ever heard boys say, 'My old man has no use for me?' Great Christopher, man, suppose he washes his hands of you?"

THE room fell into silence. A heightened color had come into Mrs. Quinby's cheeks. Her lips were moving without a sound. When her husband glanced at her, a look of thoughtfulness deepened on his face.

"When does that Clud note fall due?" he asked.

"Monday," Tom Woods told him.

"Has Clud been to see Bert?"

"Today."

"Did Clud threaten him?"

"Yes."

Mr. Quinby's hands opened and closed as though they itched to crush something. "How big is the note?"

"One hundred and seventy-five dollars."

The man took a check book from his pocket and wrote out a check for the amount. "Woods," he asked, "will you do me a favor? Will you see that Clud gets this? If I go into his office, I'm liable to do him harm." He arose, leaned over his wife's shoulder, and kissed her on the cheek. "Everything's all right," he said; "I'm going to Bert."

"Good luck," said the Butterfly man.

Mr. Quinby smiled.

"Thanks to you," he said, "I think it will be good luck . . . now."

There it is, the whole problem summed up, in terms of fiction, yet representative, all the same, of numerous similar situations in thousands of homes. This inability to "pull together"—with its resulting burden of misunderstanding, misdirected effort, and belated, haunting regrets—has been responsible for more than its share of sorrow in the scheme of things. There must be some way out, through a more earnest attempt on the part of both father and son to reach a "middle ground," where they may appreciate and come to know one another as true friends. It seems appalling that each man and boy should not do everything that lies within his power to attain that vantage point, for, surely, the absence of it forms one of the sharpest tragedies which can come to human beings.

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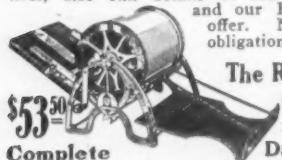
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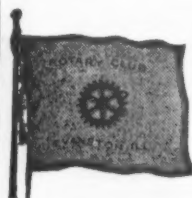
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## This Flying Business

(Continued from page 9)

and start to read, while the rest of us who are new to flying stare down at the landscape which is dropping away from us. There is little sensation, which on the whole is disappointing. Makes you feel you aren't getting your money's worth!

The Surrey countryside below is green, rolling, cut up with hedges and interspersed with red brick houses. Now we are at 2000 feet, headed for the Channel, the plane getting up speed and going faster. Roads beneath us look like little tracks, automobiles seem like toys. The countryside is a patchwork of fields of every conceivable shape. The indicator shows that we are now making eighty miles an hour. I look at my watch. We have been up twenty-five minutes.

We are nearly up to 5000 feet as we sight the Channel sparkling in the sunshine ahead, towns clustered by its edge. The farms are larger now, and we can see great grey spots on the fields which are flocks of Southdown mutton. In a minute we are over the water, steamers below appearing motionless except for the surf at their bows. The sun is very warm, and one woman has opened her window to let some air into the cabin. The coastline of France is plainly in view, and I can make out a town which by the map must be Boulogne. Behind us the chalk cliffs are shining brilliantly in the sun.

It was exactly ten o'clock as we reached the Channel. There are a half dozen steamers dotting the water, one of them a large three-stacker which someone suggests must be the Majestic. The whole world below looks very peaceful and slumberous.

Now we are passing over the Majestic, and are in mid-channel. I imagined it would be rough in the air currents over the water; but there is no jolting or shaking at all, and you can walk the length of the car without feeling any vibration except the tremor of the engine. Soon we are above the surf that is breaking on the coast of France. Ten fifteen. It has taken just fifteen minutes to cross the channel!

The countryside changes. The roads are long and straight. There are no hedges. The houses are red roofed instead of thatched and dull colored. Ahead is a large city which according to the map may or may not be Abbeville. It has the inevitable cathedral in the center. One of the Englishmen puts down the *Times*, looks calmly out and declares that it is Abbeville. That settles it. It must be Abbeville. By now my watch says a quarter to eleven. We are still doing eighty to eighty-five

miles an hour, and the engine has a very pleasing sound. Right here we pass another plane bound for London from Paris. They arrive later than we do. Now we seem to be flying somewhat lower, and one can almost distinguish the red-tiled farm houses, with here and there villages cut in two by long, straight roads.

At eleven-thirty I begin to make out Paris through the haze in the distance. We are following a river through a pleasant valley, with flat boats and barges floating along. Soon the city is quite distinct through the smoke of thousands of chimneys. It is getting on to noon. I begin to feel hungry. And a little bored. The first half hour was exciting. The second was interesting. The third was a little monotonous. After that it has been like riding in a train. Flying, especially flying in an air liner like this one is not as exhilarating as it is supposed to be.

Now the city is plainly visible. The Seine makes a big letter S just below us, and we must be nearing the suburbs, for the Sacre Coeur is glittering in the sunlight not far ahead. We are coming down now, the indicator marks only 2000 feet. Yes, there is the Drome, a big white LE BOURGET spelt out on the ground. Planes descending. Flat houses, hangars. One might almost be back at Croydon. The same aerial lighthouse. The same machines out in front of the hangars. The bus circles over and over the field, hovers for a minute and then descends gracefully. The noise of the engine lessens as we come down, and then dies away altogether. The two Englishmen are putting on their overcoats. Neither has spoken more than twice the entire journey. We touch earth, bump along, and glide to a stop. A grating at the side of the car, the steps are in place, and we descend. I look at my watch for the last time. We are due at twelve ten. My watch says twelve eleven!

We get out of the cabin, down the steps, and turn to the pilot who is already out talking to one of the company officials. His best hat is still in one hand, his suit is still hung over his arm just as it was three hours before at Croydon. We shake hands, someone in the party tries to tip him. There is an embarrassing moment. He refuses tactfully but firmly. We move off to the customs office and the waiting auto for the ride into the heart of the city. The journey is over.

This in brief is an account of a daily trip between two of the capitals of Europe that is so commonplace that

it is often taken twice in the same day by English business men. A new means of transportation has come into being and it has come to stay.

Now there are three questions to be asked of any public carrier who seeks to make money by moving people and merchandise from one place to another. First: is that transportation safe? Second: is it rapid? Third: is it cheap? The last question of all, to take them in opposite order, can easily be answered yes. It costs thirty-five dollars to go to Paris from London first class via Calais-Dover. This does not include tips at either port, and meals of which you will need at least one en route. Ride several thousand feet above the sparkling waters of the Channel as we did, and you will pay six pounds, or about twenty-nine dollars. No question as to which is the cheapest any more than there is as to which is the quickest.

We used up a little over three hours from Croydon to Le Bourget, and another half hour by auto getting into the Place de la Concorde in the center of Paris. This same trip by boat and train would have consumed most of the hours of sunshine of that autumn day. We would have arrived in Paris in time for an eight o'clock dinner, and this provided the Channel was not rough and the boat delayed.

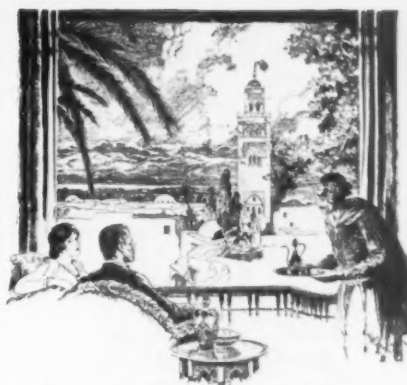
**BUT** what about the safeness of this trip. Is it as safe as going by land and water. This most important question of all was answered for me the following afternoon in the Paris offices of the Imperial Airways on the Rue Edouard VII, by Mr. D. J. Eskell, the Traffic Superintendent of the line.

Since last May when the Imperial Airways, Limited, was formed out of an amalgamation of the leading British civil aviation companies, namely: the Handley Page, the Instone, the Daimler and the Super Marine, there has been but one accident. In this accident eight lives were lost. During this period 15,000 people were carried from London to Paris alone, while nearly 50,000 were transported all over Europe on regular schedules of the company. (Of this number sixty-five per cent, almost three quarters, were Americans.) Fifty thousand people is about the number that attends a big soccer match in England or sees a World's Series baseball game in America. Out of this number eight were killed. No others were scratched, injured, or harmed in any way. No machines of the company were forced down except in this one accident. In addition, about a hundred thousand tons of merchandise besides many thousands of sacks of mail were transported without damage to goods or planes.

Is that making travel by air safe? As safe, probably, as railway travel. As safe, if not safer than travel by automobile. The machines of the Imperial Airways company in six months of last year flew an average of a thousand miles a day. Every twenty-five days each machine flew a distance equal to a complete circuit of the globe. These machines fly in good weather and bad, in rain, in storm, in days when the cross-channel boats were hugging the jetties in Dover and Folkstone harbors. During the first six months of the company's existence, there were but nineteen days when the big Handley Page cars did not rise from the Croydon Aerodrome to battle with the elements of the upper air. Remember that in this period just one accident has taken place. Certainly this means that transportation can be considered as safe as any in this era of rapid transit.

We were passed on the way going into the city by our pilot in a little French car of his own. He kept his appointment for *dejeuner* at the Cafe de Paris, and was back at the Aerodrome getting ready to return to Croydon at three-thirty that afternoon. In summer, a plane leaves both London and Paris every two hours for the other city. In one week last year over a thousand passengers and fifty tons of baggage and merchandise was ferried across the Channel. A single machine carried in one day a hundred and forty passengers over and back. The average pilot, however, makes but two flights a day, sometimes only one if it is a long flight. He is never as a rule more than five or six hours in the air, often less, and always with another pilot in case of air fatigue. The pilots of the Imperial Airways company are all former aces of the Royal Air Force. They receive from four to six thousand dollars a year depending on their length of service with the company.

Travel by air has come to stay. Already it is an accepted fact in England and France. In many a Kentish hamlet, in many a thatched-roofed village tucked away on the South Downs, in many a French cathedral city between London and Paris the visit of the air liner has become something to be looked for each day like the visit of the postman. Above the windmills, canals, and slender church spires of the lowlands, above the peaked roofs of Amsterdam, across the battlefields of the war, by Brussels and Cologne, and so on to Switzerland, the air lines are an established fact. Difficulties there have been in the past, in starting and maintaining these air routes, difficulties there will doubtless be to a lesser degree in the future. But—this flying business is here for good!



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## Just Among Ourselves—

—And Who's Who in This Number

MOST of the comments on the December number, received by the editors, referred to the article by Strickland Gillilan, "It's a Wise Father"; to "Rotary Friend X," by Lewis D. Fox, secretary of the Fort Worth Rotary club; to "The One-Cent Lady" by Homer Kingsley; and to "At the Sign of the Christmas Tree" by Grace Moore; all of which are essentially "human interest" stories. The other articles also came in for their share of praise.

In the November issue we presented one article which drew a considerable amount of comment—that by Arthur Hobbs, entitled "Is There Anything Wrong with Rotary?" Since this article dealt with various criticisms leveled at Rotary and Rotarians, the reaction is another form of "human interest."

The comments came from a wide range of clubs and individuals, and included a letter from the International President and other leading Rotarians. Approximately two-thirds of these letters were to the effect that the criticism was well aimed in some cases—but that the "booster" type was not really representative of Rotary, and should not be labeled as such. Curiously no one defined exactly what was meant by the "booster" type. Some went so far as to point out that the character of the organization was judged by the character of all its members, and that until Rotary had eliminated the "booster" type from its ranks completely, it was not wholly successful.

There is an old saying to the effect that a drum makes a lot of noise, but is rather empty, and this seems applicable to boosters who boost just for the sake of boosting. It is equally applicable, however, to critics who forget that the whole is greater than any of its parts.

## Among Our Contributors

Elmer T. Peterson, author of the article, "The Propaganda of Peace," is a member of the Rotary Club of Wichita, Kansas, and his observance of, and participation in, a series of programs of his own club provided the impulse for his article. He is an associate editor of the *Wichita Beacon*.

John R. Tunis, author of "This Flying Business," is a tennis expert, sports writer and world traveler. He has written for many magazines.

Donald A. Adams, International President, gives his views on "The Next Convention." Of the time devoted to his insurance business, his lecturing, and his work for various organizations, a large share goes to the administrative work of Rotary International.

J. R. Sprague is a past president of the San Antonio Rotary Club, his present home being in New York City. He left a short time ago for Europe for a six months' stay. He is a frequent contributor to this magazine, and his interview with Cornelius Garrettson is somewhat different from the usual biography of business and industrial leaders.

Frank B. Odell is an insurance man of Syracuse, N. Y. In the October number

he had an article on insurance ("Is Your Insurance Insured?") which elicited many comments from interested readers. This month he gives you some equally interesting information about trust funds.

Joseph Lister Rutledge has contributed another story—this time one that will hold the interest of every man who ever "foozled" a putt. He is a free-lance writer, a man who has had a varied business experience as well as adventure on the golf course. He is a graduate of Toronto University.

P. H. Higley—"Dangerous Age for Fathers"—reviews for you one or two important phases of the Father and Son problem based on a recent novel by William Heyliger. Mr. Higley is associated with D. Appleton & Company, publishers, New York City.

James H. Collins has been writing for magazines and technical journals for the past twenty years. In "Why Men Have No Fashions" he tells you a lot about the influence of costume on industry—gives a dash of humor for good measure—and incidentally, perhaps, some room for argument on the part of those of our readers who belong to the fairer sex.

William L. Pattiani is a wholesale druggist of San Francisco, California, and chairman of the Rotary Business Counsel Committee of the Rotary Club of San Francisco, and he describes graphically the work of this unique committee for you this month.

Edward A. Silberstein, of Duluth, Minnesota, Governor of the Ninth District, has had ten years' experience in Rotary as a lay member, as an official of his club, and this last year as Governor.

F. Trubee Davison is with the Playground and Recreation Association of America. He tells you in a bit of fiction what any probation officer, juvenile court judge, or police chief, could tell you in different fashion, from statistics of their daily work.

Chesley R. Perry, secretary of Rotary International and editor of THE ROTARIAN, has just returned from a trip to Europe where he visited the branch secretariat at Zurich and the headquarters of R.I.B.I. in London, and presided at a conference of club presidents and secretaries held in Brussels, a conference that was highly successful both from the standpoint of representation and accomplishment.

H. M. Cantrall, of Springfield, Illinois, while not a Rotarian, has contributed a bit of fiction suggested as he says "by the visit of the Springfield Rotary Club to the local Home for the Friendless."

"Charles St. John" is a staff writer who has been studying the hobby fair sponsored by Rotarians of London, Ontario.

For the last three years "Arthur Melville" has been making a New Year's resolution. It concerns his first book and he hopes to really get started on it within the next fifty years. Meanwhile he continues to study journalism at night and write for magazines by day.

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